

# SAINT URSULA:

## Sacred Cantata.

COMPOSED BY

F H. COWEN.

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# SAINT URSULA.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The Times," Friday, October 14th, 1881.

The question whether the Norwich festival will make an important, and, it may be hoped, permanent addition to the store of English music, can be answered in the affirmative after the performance this morning of Mr. Cowen's new cantata, *St. Ursula*. Not only was the popular success of the work a most brilliant one, but, what is more, it was obtained by means alone of legitimate and elevated art, and without any of those concessions to the vulgar from which Mr. Cowen's earlier works are not always free. *St. Ursula* may be pronounced a worthy sequel to the so-called Scandinavian symphony, which marked the young composer's departure for a new and higher sphere of art. The legend of the somewhat mythical *St. Ursula* and her numerous companions is tolerably familiar, and it will be sufficient to state the "argument" of the cantata in the words (slightly modified and abridged) of the librettist, Mr. R. E. Francillon:—Dionotus, a Christian king of Cornwall, had promised his only child, Ursula, to Conan, Prince of Brittany. But on the day appointed for the betrothal she, before her father, Conan, and the assembled Court, relates how an angel had come to her in a vision, and had mystically promised her a heavenly crown and a heavenly spouse, bidding her to that end make a pilgrimage to Rome in sign of her readiness to submit herself to God's will. Impressed by her manifest inspiration, her father reluctantly gives his consent, and gathers a fleet to convey her and her maidens (the legend says 11,000) to the foreign shore. Ursula and her companions reach Rome, receive the blessings of the Holy Father, and thence depart, without any light, however, having been thrown on the mysterious prophecy. On their way back they are welcomed at Cologne by Conan, who has set out to meet them. But at this time the Huns were ravaging these parts, and they also arrive at Cologne and surround the church in which Conan and Ursula have met. Their chief, struck by Ursula's beauty, promises her her life on condition that she will share his throne. Refusing to obey his will, she is, with all her companions, slain by the Huns, thus by her faith winning the crown of martyrdom.

In treating his libretto, Mr. Cowen has shown singular artistic insight. He evidently perceived at once that the chief momentum of the action lies in the heavenly message sent to Ursula, and the "vision of Ursula" accordingly supplies the key-note of his musical conception. It is painted in a subdued but deep-toned style. The measure *molto moderato* almost *andante*, relieved only by a short interval of *piu animato*, and the striking use of the violins in connection only with the harp, supplies a striking orchestral feature for the mind to dwell upon. Here also we find the "leit-motive" which is identified with the character of Ursula, and among other things, admirably indicates the arrival of the sainted maiden at Cologne in the third scene of the cantata. Mr. Cowen, it will be seen, is desirous of turning to account all the resources of modern art, and he does so by dint of genuine inspiration, not merely as a mechanical copyist. It is necessary next to refer to an admirable trio, with chorus, in which king and lover and confidante yield to the sacred vocation of Ursula, and permit her to depart. Here, and in the short duet which ensues, the mediæval tone of the whole picture is well preserved by quaint sequences of intervals. There are also instances—in these and other pieces—of that "orchestral melody," which is one of the greatest achievements of modern music. The climax of the work is reached in the second scene of the cantata, and more especially in its *finale*. The components of that *finale* are not very remarkable. They consist of a sailor's chorus of somewhat conventional rhythm, and a hymn of the departing maidens, not in itself very striking. But the manner in which these tunes are treated simultaneously, and their combination with the soprano solo floating on this troubled sea of sound, may be called admirable. Still more remarkable is the pictorial effect of the *piano* growing softer and softer as the ship carrying the chanting maidens disappears from the view of those left behind. Mr. Cowen here shows a degree of dramatic skill, which makes one regret that he has not written an opera, instead of its feeble substitute, a cantata. . . . Mr. Cowen's music, indeed, is very forcible, and if the musical accent is occasionally placed on the wrong syllable, it may be suggested that Huns cannot be supposed to care much about arsis and thesis. The *finale*, in which the sacred chant appears again, this time in opposition to the shouts of the savages, rises once more to a considerable degree of dramatic force, without, however, reaching the climax in the second scene before alluded to. Mr. Cowen, who conducted his own work, was ably supported by the forces under his command. Orchestra and chorus left little to be desired, and the soli were, throughout, admirable. Madame Albani, who was in excellent voice, gave all the charm of genuine feeling to the character of Ursula. Madame Patey infused into the part of Ineth, the confidante, a significance which it does not on its own merits possess, and a similar remark applies to Mr. Lloyd, who made the success of a tenor song, the only trivial piece in the score. Mr. King did all that could be expected for the two minor characters previously referred to. The decided success of the work has already been mentioned.

The "Standard," Saturday, October 15th, 1881.

Yesterday, the chief novelty of the Festival, Mr. F. H. Cowen's cantata, *St. Ursula*, met with the emphatic success which I anticipated. A finer work has not been heard for many years, and it may be accepted as an evidence of the "second period" of the English musician, who passed at a single step from the grove of imitative emulation into the path of absolute creativeness, in his "Scandinavian" Symphony. There is no gilt gingerbread in the construction of the cantata, and the author has not sought to secure the suffrages of the public by appealing to vulgar taste; on the contrary, he has sought to give us of his best, and the result justifies his determination to maintain nothing but a high standard. The poem is founded upon the ancient legend by Mr. R. E. Francillon.

This subject, which at the best, is but an incomplete one, has been treated with signal ability by Mr. F. H. Cowen, who, disdaining the work for easily-acquired popularity, has wrought with a higher object for the sake of enduring fame. Not only is *St. Ursula* far in advance of any choral work which Mr. Cowen has produced, but it is an acquisition and an ornament to English music. It seems remarkable that the young author has had the power as well as the courage to cut himself adrift from the influences which governed his early career, but it is well that such has been the case, for the "Scandinavian" Symphony instanced a new departure in this style, and now we see that in *St. Ursula* he allows his great inherent gifts full scope, without reference to immediate popularity. Fortunately musical amateurs now know how to appreciate good things, even though they be not laid out in the *ad captandum* fashion, and there is no reason to doubt that *St. Ursula* will meet with the general approval which its merits claim for it. The three scenes into which the action is divided—viz., the Court of Dionotus; the sailing of Ursula; and the Christian Church at Cologne—are rendered equally forcible in their illustration. From the first, it is apparent that Mr. Cowen has moved with the times and has employed the identifying themes so dear to Wagner, and has discarded old-fashioned workmanship of every kind. One may look for fugues in *St. Ursula* in vain, and the nearest approach to the height of contrapuntal ingenuity is the duet between Conan and Dionotus, when a clever bit of canon is introduced. It has been the composer's wish, however, to be dramatic above all things, and following the example set by Mr. Arthur Sullivan in *The Martyr of Antioch*, he has cut himself free from pedantry altogether. A short introduction serves to introduce the first chorus, "Come forth, sweet maid," interspersed with recitatives for the baritone—whose part, curiously enough, is written in the treble clef. The whole construction of this number is admirable, and already it can be discerned that the author has followed no slavish rule in regard to his orchestration. Conan, who is present, asks, "Hath no man sought her where she waits, with timid roses on her cheek?" and to this Ineth responds, "I found her in the garden path. All else forgot"—signifying her state of trance. Many points of clever imitation in the orchestra here present themselves, and the number concludes with an echo of the principal idea in the clarinet. The next number is called "The Vision of Ursula," and here we get a phrase which runs through the entire composition, and stands for the "Ursula motive." She describes the heavenly apparition in a beautiful strain, full of significance and highly elevated in character, the chorus adding a kind of commentary upon her state of exaltation. The music is throughout of the most imaginative and suggestive character, and here, as elsewhere, the orchestration is most original and charming. The following piece though called a trio (Ineth, Dionotus, and Conan), is in no particular set form, the chief interest centring in the chorus part, which expresses the general determination to allow events to take their predestined course. A reference to the "vision" motive, given out by the violins in octaves, brings this number to a close. The following duet, for Ursula and Conan, is remarkable for the suppression of the string band, with the exception of the basses, who have an occasional pizzicato note to relieve the wind chords. The melody is smooth and expressive, and full of devotional fervour, and an unusual effect is obtained by making the clarinets and horns move in unison with the voice part. It is, however, only a reflective piece, and does not advance the action in the least, save in regard to the expressed determination of Ursula to forego earthly joys for the heavenly crown which has been promised her. Now comes the second scene, and to my mind, the finest number of the cantata. Ursula and her maidens are about to embark, and a pretty figure in the violins serves to indicate the rising and falling of the waves—in a manner unpleasant to poor sailors. The seamen sing a suave and melodious barcarolle, "Sea winds are blowing," and presently the contralto, Ineth, gives out the "pilgrimage motive" or "prayer motive"—"Thee, God, we pray that Thou wilt bless our path by night and day." Subsequently, these two themes are used in conjunction with the happiest effect, the pervading violin figure running through the whole composition, and the vocal parts being built up of the most solid harmonies. This one piece alone would suffice, not only to make the fortune of *St. Ursula*, but to set the seal of unusual excellence upon the workmanship.

The finale of the cantata, is, after the big chorus in the second scene, the finest number of the work. Not only the "pilgrimage motive," but the figure which represents the relentless Huns, are present, and their combination shows once more how great a power Mr. Cowen possesses in regard of thematic development. The chorus of Huns is wonderfully characteristic, and so it will be ultimately considered. It would take, however, greater space than is now at my disposal to recapitulate all the prominent features of Mr. Cowen's admirable work. It is sure to be heard very soon in London, and expectation can yet be upheld. Mr. Lloyd sang the tenor music with faultless charm. Mr. Frederic King delivered the baritone solos with taste and discretion. The part of the Martyr was taken by Madame Albani, who sang with the fervour which she only of living singers can bring to bear upon a rôle, and Madame Patey rendered the fullest justice to the subordinate character of Ineth. The band was in capital order, and though I cannot praise the choir for the simple reason that the male contingent were so evidently tired that they could not read the proper note, the performance was not altogether bad, and the charming chorus of suitors and maidens met with a deserved encore. There was a display of enthusiasm at the end, and Mr. Cowen, who had conducted his own work, was called back to the platform amidst the most enthusiastic cheers.

*"The Daily News," Friday, October 14th, 1881.*

This morning brought forward one of the chief novelties, composed expressly for the Festival—a sacred cantata entitled *Saint Ursula*, the music of which is by Mr. F. H. Cowen. The poem is founded on the well-known ancient legend, the text on which Mr. Cowen has wrought having been skilfully written by Mr. R. E. Francillon, who supplies the following "Argument."

The work is divided into three scenes—"At the Court of Dionotus," "The Sailing of Ursula," and "At Cologne"—the characters supposed to be represented being:—Dionotus, King of Cornwall, and the Chief of the Huns (baritones); Conan, Prince of Brittany (tenor); Ursula, daughter of Dionotus (soprano), and Ineth, a companion to Ursula (contralto). Mr. Cowen's music opens with a short orchestral prelude leading to a flowing melodious phrase "Come forth, sweet maid," or choral sopranos and tenors, repeated in four-part vocal harmony, and recurring with interspersed solo passages for Ineth; following which comes "The Vision of Ursula," an effective scena for that character, in the symphonies and accompaniments to which the corno Inglese and harp are well employed. The remaining specialties in the first scene are a well-written trio, "If it be Heaven," for Ineth, Conan, and Dionotus (with chorus), and a simply melodious duetino, "God knoweth how to deal with me," for Ursula and Conan. In the trio and chorus, the reiteration of a pleasing melodic (choral) phrase, "It was an angel spoke to thee," by the various voices, is especially effective.

The second scene opens with a characteristic chorus of sailors and people, "Sea winds are blowing," in which the vocal harmony is well contrasted by some florid orchestral writing. The hymn with which the second scene closes is written for a four-part female chorus (sopranos and altos divided). Prominent above the vocal harmony are solo passages for Ineth, the whole producing an effect of religious calm. The scene culminates in some concerted music for Ursula, Conan, and Dionotus, and chorus of maidens, sailors, and the people; a very effective climax being obtained by the combination of these enlarged materials.

The final scene begins outside the church, some simple phrases for oboe and clarinet (the Ursula motive) leading to an agitated movement in which the orchestra is very skilfully used. The characteristic features of this prelude are continued in the accompaniments to the following chorus of Huns, "By rivers red" (for tenors and basses), in which savage fury is well expressed, the movement altogether offering an instance of sustained dramatic effect. An air, "The river sings," for Conan, is tuneful and expressive, and leads to the finale, which begins with an hymn (within the church), led off by Ursula, and supported by four-part female chorus—a repetition of the hymn in the second scene. Then is heard a chorus of Huns in the distance, reiterating their former savage denunciations, with similar characteristic orchestral accompaniments. The entry of the Huns into the church, the consternation of Conan, his entreaties for Ursula's flight, her calm, religious trust, and the resumption of the hymn by herself and attendant maidens, are full of dramatic contrast, the final combination of the soloists and the choral groups being wrought to a highly effective climax. The occasional reiterations in various portions of the work of the Ursula motive and of the leading phrase of the hymn tend much to the connected interest of the music. Prominent in the performance was the fine singing of Madame Albani, alike excellent in the passages of religious sentiment and in those of declamatory fervour. Especially admirable was her delivery of the scena entitled, "The Vision of Ursula," and of the incidental phrases in the concerted pieces. The contralto music of Ineth derived its full significance from Madame Patey's rich voice and earnest style; the tenor air for Conan, and other passages for that character, were excellently sung by Mr. E. Lloyd; as was the music for Dionotus and the Chief of the Huns by Mr. F. King. The work, which was conducted by the composer, was greatly applauded throughout, especially at the close of the second scene, the latter portion of which was repeated.

*"Daily Telegraph," Friday, October 14th, 1881.*

The exhaustion of Biblical subjects for cantata and oratorio has had the effect of diverting the attention of composers to those early records of the Christian Church which, no less than Sacred Writ itself, abound in examples of faith and heroism. Scarcely a year now passes without the musical crowning of some martyr—a new form of beatification which may, or may not, amount to beatitude. St. Polycarp, St. Cecilia, St. Dorothea, Placida, and Margarita of Antioch are amongst the personages who have been so honoured within recent memory, while this morning St. Ursula was added to the illustrious group. Mr. Francillon acting as her poet and Mr. Cowen as her composer. Against the choice of St. Ursula nothing important can be said. . . . The scenes chosen by Mr. Francillon are first, the decision of Ursula; second, the departure of the fleet; third, the massacre; and in the course of treating these he has made a few changes, for each of which good reason might be assigned. Thus, Conan is his own and his father's ambassador to Dionotus; so that the interest of the lovers' presence may not be wanting at a critical moment, while the scene of the martyrdom's transferred

from the bank of the Rhine to the interior of a church, the reason in this case, I apprehend, being a purely musical one, not unconnected with the "pealing organ's solemn sound."

In the music of *St. Ursula* Mr. Cowen reveals himself as working upon another system and towards another artistic end than that with which he has hitherto been associated. In his former compositions we recognized design and method based upon orthodox lines—on the lines, that is to say, of the classical rather than the modern masters. Whereas here he distinctly moves away from the first group and approaches the second. *St. Ursula* undoubtedly stands forth as representative of that in music which most distinguishes recent developments. That it is not representative in anything approaching an extravagant measure must be allowed, still the fact remains that through this work the composer gives in his adhesion to new principles and practices. Mr. Cowen has, therefore, taken a serious step, but not one that necessarily severs him from the past, or dissociates him from the musicians who made the past illustrious. No artistic progress is altogether bad. In fact, music has been wrought up to what it is by extracting and appropriating the good out of generations of faulty theories, the errors of which were long ago consigned to oblivion. There is, consequently, no need for any composer to ignore what is going on around him. While finding much to reject, he may also find something to lay hold of and use for the legitimate development of an art in respect of which it would be absurd to preach finality. But the distinguishing between what is good and what is bad demands careful judgment and a well-balanced mind. Nor does difficulty end with choice. There is next the delicate work of so weaving the new into the texture of the old that the one may agree with the other, and the whole appear as a homogeneous fabric.

I must do prompt justice to the character of the work and the spirit in which it has been written. The composer's loftiness of aim and earnest endeavour command respect and admiration even where the end is barely reached. As for the many passages distinguished as much by achievement as purpose, they of course exact unqualified homage. Coming more to particulars, let me point out the distinctive features of *St. Ursula*. In the first place, it is a pronounced example of representative themes. . . . It may be concluded from what I have just said, that *St. Ursula* is a work of great interest—the serious production of an earnest mind, and one not to be judged in haste or flippantly dismissed. No conclusion could be more prudent. The cantata bespeaks study in a voice of authority, and he who would adjudicate thereupon in haste condemns himself. For my own part, I shall decline to appraise the exact value of the work now, and will not presume to foretell its place in art, content rather to specify certain admirable numbers about which dispute is hardly possible. Although the ruggedness to which I have referred is not absent from the opening chorus, "Come forth, sweet maid," that quality exists in combination with unquestionable power of treatment and force of expression. It is no nerveless hand that Mr. Cowen here lays upon his audience, but a hand which grasps and holds. We feel that the composer has something to say, and a manner of speaking that must compel attention. In keeping is the general treatment of the whole scene, though I do not overlook pages wherein the vocal interest appears comparatively small. These, however, are largely atoned for by others that rise to the point of absolute beauty. The second scene opens with a characteristic chorus of sailors, "Sea winds are blowing," with which is presently combined another sung by the people, "Days will be dreary while you are gone," and ultimately a third allotted to Ursula and the Virgins, "Thee, God, we pray." This scene is one of great elaboration, is least distinguished by the peculiarities upon which I have touched, and—shall I say in consequence?—bids fair to be the most popular. It is beautifully scored with a view to picturesque effect; the subjects are well contrasted and well worked in combination, and the whole is brought to an exciting climax. A savage chorus of Huns introduces the scene of the massacre, and is fortunately not extended enough to become monotonous, as might easily have been the case owing to its uniform character. This is followed by a beautiful air for Conan, "The river sings," and thenceforth the departure hymn of the Virgins and the chorus of Huns mingle together and break apart in strange and dramatic contrast, while the action hastens on to catastrophe. Here and there through this exciting and long-continuing part of the work the composer seems to flag, but he quickly gathers fresh energy, and finally makes his climax where it should be—at the end. To sum up as far as possible now, I could have wished *St. Ursula* in certain respects other than what it is; but I see in it power more than sufficient to strengthen the hope and expectation of great things from its still youthful composer.

*"The Echo," Friday, October 14, 1881.*

The third day's performances were chiefly remarkable for the production of an original work, written expressly for this Festival by an English composer of recognized talent—namely, Mr. F. H. Cowen. This new composition, a sacred cantata, entitled *Saint Ursula*, had already awakened interest and admiration, for its singular originality and dramatic beauty, at the rehearsals preceding its performance. When given for the first time in its completeness, the music of the heroine being interpreted by Madame Albani, it fairly electrified the audience, and was at once recognized as a success of the most triumphant character.

The well-known legend of St. Ursula—her renunciation of her betrothed for an imaginary call from heaven; her departure for Rome, escorted by troops of young virgins (the legends say, eleven thousand in number); and her subsequent martyrdom, with her companions, by the Huns—affords situations of dramatic power of which the gifted composer has amply availed himself. The opening music, invoking the presence of the fair betrothed, the spirited chorus, of sailors and people, the characteristic music representing the embarkation, and the weird interest of the last scene, illustrative of the Saint's martyrdom, have been wrought up by Mr. Cowen with singular skill and originality. The instrumentation is particularly clever, abounding with bold combinations and rich harmonies. Few living composers could have illustrated the tragic theme with more genuine inspiration, tempered with scholarly art and mastery of orchestral resources. Both auditors and performers felt the ring of true genius in the work, and combined to stamp it as one of the brilliant successes of the Festival. Several attempts were made to obtain encores, which the composer judiciously declined until the departure scene, which so irresistibly appealed to the sensibility of the listeners that an imperative re-demand was complied with. At the close of the cantata Mr. Cowen responded to an enthusiastic re-call, and received the warm plaudits due to the genius displayed in his work.

"Morning Post."

Mr. F. H. Cowen's new sacred cantata, *Saint Ursula*, performed for the first time this morning, is his latest and matured composition. In the use of the instruments of the orchestra he has always displayed a peculiar aptitude and a picturesque fancy for expressive detail, and the qualities which have distinguished his former works have not been wanting here, but have been further developed. The cantata is good throughout, vocal, dramatic in construction, pathetic, and spirit-stirring in effect, so that some regret is felt that his subject did not possess more distinctive originality. It is based upon a martyrdom, and in the choice of a story he has trodden upon ground which has been as well traversed by musicians and dramatists for the last two centuries as any field offering a suggestive theme for the stage or concert-room. . . . This is all told in eight musical numbers, mostly of a character of writing which indicates a special advance in fancy and treatment. The first section or scene, "Come forth, sweet maid," is clever, particularly in the very thoughtful effects from the band and in the attempt to give dramatic rather than melodic expression to the utterances of the characters. Throughout the composition this same idea is kept in view, and when it is for a time lost sight of, as in the song for the tenor, "What echoes wake," and when our composer produces a melody of the ballad type, his grasp of the subject is loosened, and the interest and attention of the hearer slackens in proportion. It is only braced to its former strictness by the splendid chorus of Huns, with its wild phrases of ejaculation superimposed upon the hymn sung by the nuns, and Ursula's inspired exclamations, each of a character and treatment of distinctive contrast. This number, and the chorus of sailors and people in the second part, with the charming underlying accompanying figure, producing a pure and satisfying orchestral tone, are not only the best things in the work, but the best things Mr. Cowen has done.

The performance was very good. Madame Albani interpreted the part of Ursula with as much success as she had that of "The Martyr of Antioch" yesterday. Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. F. King took especial pains with the work they had to do, and received due recognition and encouragement. The chorus was here and there untuneful, but nowhere deficient in spirit; and the band parts were given by the performers in full appreciation of their value and importance. The chorus of sailors was repeated by desire of the mayor, who interpreted the applause which followed the rendering as meaning a desire for repetition. The composer directed the cantata, and was well received both at his entry upon the orchestra and at the conclusion.

"Sunday Times," October 16th, 1881.

The chief novelty of the festival, Mr. Frederic H. Cowen's sacred cantata, *St. Ursula*, was produced at Thursday's morning concert. It is not a long work, occupying, as it does, little more than an hour in performance; but there can be no question that the composer has given considerable thought to his task, and concentrated in its execution that masterly power of grasping his subject, and handling it well, which, in the recent "Scandinavian" symphony gave such clear evidence of Mr. Cowen's ripening capacity and musicianly skill. To Mr. R. E. Francillon he is indebted for a very charming poem, admirably adapted for musical treatment, and embracing the chief events in the ancient legend that deals with *St. Ursula's* history. Both story and setting may be briefly described at the same time. The first scene takes place "at the Court of Dionotus," a Christian King of Cornwall, whose only child, Ursula, is betrothed to Conan, Prince of Brittany. It sets out, after a very few bars of introduction, with a chorus and recitative, "Come forth, sweet Maid," in which Dionotus (baritone) and his people invite Ursula to appear and give her promised hand to Conan. Her companion, Ineth (contralto) prepares them for a strange answer, and then Ursula (soprano) describes the vision she has had and her determination to undertake a pilgrimage to Rome. The music of this number strikingly portrays the weird, solemn character of Ursula's mission and frame of mind, and the opening phrase for the violins is used as a *motive* more than once again. A finely written trio and chorus, "If it be Heaven that leadeth thee," full of rich melody, expresses the wonder of the others and their acquiescence in the maiden's inspired wish; after which a duettino for Ursula and Conan (tenor), as remarkable for its originality as its charm, concludes the opening scene. In the second, which is the shortest of the three into which the cantata is divided, the "Sailing of Ursula" is depicted in a series of choral and concerted pieces. These comprise a bright chorus for sailors and people, "Sea winds are blowing," an imposing hymn, "Thee, God, we pray" (of which we hear more later on), and a short duet passage for Dionotus and Conan. More of these materials are worked up in combination, and lead up to a most effective climax, the orchestration throughout being particularly fine. The third scene is laid at Cologne—outside the Church, whither Ursula and her maidens have bent their steps on their way home from Rome. They are unconscious of the near proximity of a horde of Huns, whose approach is announced by a bold, characteristic introduction and chorus, "By rivers red." Meanwhile, Conan also arrives and tells of his undying love for Ursula in a suave and melodious air, "The river sings." He hears from within the church the hymn we are

already acquainted with, and joining his bride bids her fly. But the Huns surround the building, shouting the savage refrain of their song, whilst their chief offers Ursula to choose between himself and death. She will not listen to him, but with her maidens and Conan repeat the hymn in tones of increasing fervour. A splendid *ensemble* ensues, and finally a *coda* full of grand imposing effects, amid which the Huns are supposed to rush upon and slay their victims, brings the cantata to a close.

A finer performance of Mr. Cowen's work could scarcely have been desired even by the most hypercritical. . . . The spirited chorus of Huns, one of the most original numbers in the work, was given with immense vigour, and cordially applauded. The orchestration, which throughout the cantata is elaborate and artistic in the extreme, was played to simple perfection; nothing could have exceeded the refinement and delicacy with which the band did what was required of them. The solos, too, were in safe hands. Madame Albani sang the music of Ursula with exquisite taste and great depth of expression, besides imparting to it all the dramatic significance of which the entire character is so eminently susceptible. Mr. Edward Lloyd as Conan was heard at his best, and obtained a genuine success with his charming air, "The river sings." Madame Patey, as Ineth, and Mr. Frederick King as Dionotus, also lent valuable help. Mr. Cowen conducted the performance of his work, and at the finish was re-called to receive the congratulations of the audience amid a scene of general enthusiasm.

"Figaro," October 19th.

It only remains to speak of the novelties, the first of which in order of interest is indisputably the *St. Ursula* of Mr. F. H. Cowen. Rarely has the announcement of such a work excited so much curiosity, enhanced perhaps by the success gained by the "Scandinavian" symphony last year. A full description has already been given, and it only remains to speak of the cantata as a whole. That it is by far the best work of its sort Mr. Cowen has yet done, is as indisputable as that some relief to the superabundance of music in slow time in the first scene is desirable. At performance, the last scene of all undoubtedly appeared to better effect than at its rehearsal; while the beauties of one of the most delicate and highly finished scores Mr. Cowen ever wrote, were, under the loving conductorship of the composer, and with the hearty co-operation of the orchestra, brought out to their fullest advantage. It was rather unfortunate that in one of the most telling choruses, that of the sailors, at the beginning of the second scene, the tenors sank so greatly in pitch that the rest of the choir grew frightened, and the chorus suffered in consequence. But the beauty of the scene of Ursula's vision, the excellent part writing at the end of the second scene, where the sailors' chorus and the hymn of the maidens are so happily blended together, and the power of the last act of all, carried all before them, and Mr. Cowen was twice re-called, amidst the enthusiastic cheering of an audience which for the first time at this festival began to show signs of real excitement. . . .

"Norwich Argus."

A cordial round of applause welcomed Mr. Frederic Cowen and the vocal soloists as they took their places for the performance of *St. Ursula*. Let us at once say that a great, and as we may fairly hope, a lasting success awaited the work which Mr. Cowen has expressly written for the Festival. It proved on hearing what we had fully anticipated from our perusal of the score, namely, an original, well-constructed, and scholarly work.

It is difficult to select one number in preference to another for special praise, but we may say that the most marked effect was created in the music of the second scene, in which the chorus of sailors and people, "Sea winds are blowing," is so cleverly combined with the hymn, "Thee, God, we pray," together with the highly original undulating passages for violins, which are sustained throughout the greater part of the number. The climax of this splendid piece of writing produced a profound impression, and so loudly was it applauded that the concluding part of the *ensemble* had to be repeated. The first scene of the cantata, although not quite so striking in character, contains some writing that is not less musicianly and interesting. This may be exemplified by the wonderfully well contrasted setting of the "Vision of *St. Ursula*," the melodious trio and chorus, "If it be heaven that leadeth thee," and the duettino for Ursula and Conan, "God knoweth how to deal with me," which is equally remarkable for its individuality of style and the novel scoring of the accompaniment. The chorus of Huns in the last scene, "By rivers red," is at once striking and characteristic; it completely realizes the savage nature of these barbaric warriors. There is something truly terrible in their shouts of "Hui!" accompanied by the clash of cymbals and the roll of drums. The instrumentation of this number, and indeed the entire work, is, as will have been foreshadowed by our recent description of the cantata, such as must fully sustain the reputation enjoyed by the composer of the "Scandinavian" symphony. He is the complete master of the resources of the orchestra, and knows how to produce the grandest choral effects.



COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR, AND FIRST PERFORMED AT, THE NORWICH MUSICAL  
FESTIVAL, OCTOBER, 1881.

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# SAINT URSULA.

Sacred Cantata.

THE POEM (FOUNDED ON THE ANCIENT LEGEND) BY

R. E. FRANCILLON.

MUSIC BY

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

*Price 4s. net. Handsomely bound in cloth, 6s. net.*

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The Orchestral Parts and Score may be had on application to the  
Publishers.

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To  
His Royal Highness,  
The Duke of Edinburgh, K.G.,  
this work is respectfully  
inscribed by  
the Composer.

# ST. URSULA:

## Sacred Cantata.

THE POEM (FOUNDED ON THE ANCIENT LEGEND) BY

R. E. FRANCILLON.

THE MUSIC BY

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

---

### ARGUMENT.

DIONOTUS, a Christian King of Cornwall, had betrothed his only child, URSULA, to CONAN, Prince of Brittany. She, however, desiring to devote her whole life entirely to God's service, had obtained from her father a year's space wherein to seek for Heavenly guidance before giving CONAN her hand. On the day appointed for her answer, she, before her father, CONAN, and the assembled court, tells how an angel had come to her in a vision, and had mystically promised her a Heavenly crown and a Heavenly spouse, bidding her, to that end, make a pilgrimage to Rome in sign of her faith, and of her readiness to submit herself, in all things, to God's will.

Impressed by her manifest inspiration, DIONOTUS, though hardly, gives his consent, and gathers a fleet of ships to convey her and an appointed company of maidens (the legends say eleven thousand in number) to the foreign shore.

The histories tell how, after the fleet had been scattered by a storm, and after many other perils and adventures, URSULA

and her companions reached Rome, received the blessing of the Holy Father, and thence departed homeward, without any light having been thrown on the mysterious prophecy. They travel back by way of the Rhine. CONAN, impatient of delay, and anxious as to what may have happened, sets out to meet them, and reaches Cologne in time to receive them there.

But at this time the Huns were ravaging these parts : and they also arrive at Cologne, carrying everywhere fire and sword. They surround the Christian Church, in which CONAN and URSULA had met: and their chief promises URSULA her life only on condition that she will share his throne. Refusing to obey his will, and filled with holy courage, she, with all her companions, is slain by the Huns ; thus, by her faith and obedience in seemingly small things, winning the crown of martyrdom and becoming the Bride of Heaven in exchange for earthly love and earthly glory.

---

### PERSONÆ.

DIONOTUS, King of Cornwall ..	..	2nd Tenor	W. J. Baker ..	..	..	..	} Baritone.	
THE CHIEF OF THE HUNS ..	..	Bass ..	Geo. Thompson ..	..	..	..		
CONAN, Prince of Brittany ..	..	1st Tenor	C. V. Shaw ..	..	..	..		Tenor.
URSULA, Daughter to Dionotus ..	..	Soprano ..	Miss Forsyth ..	..	..	..		Soprano.
INETH, a Companion to Ursula ..	..	Contralto	Miss Jones ..	..	..	..		Contralto.

*Chorus of People, Maidens, Sailors, Huns, &c.*

# ST. URSULA.

---

SCENE I.—*At the Court of* DIONOTUS.

CHORUS.

Come forth, sweet maid, nor longer stray  
In secret from thy father's hall:  
Not thus should bright eyes hide away  
From their own morn of festival.

DIONOTUS.

Bid her come forth—too long delay  
Her steps to answer Duty's call:  
Hath she forgotten how to-day  
She must plight troth before us all?

CONAN.

Aye, call her forth :—but softly call !  
Let Love, not Duty, call her here ;  
I will not make my queen my thrall,  
I will not woo my wife with fear.  
Hath no one sought her where she waits  
With timid roses on her cheek,  
With steps afraid to pass the gates,  
And lips that feel too faint to speak?

INETH.

I found her in the garden path  
Among the flowers, all else forgot ;  
As one who some strange vision hath,  
She moved not, heard not, answered not—  
Lilies are not so still and white—  
She stood as though some secret cloud  
Had wrapped her from the common light,  
And made me fear to speak aloud.

CHORUS.

Come forth ! To-day through gladder skies  
For thee and with thee mounts the sun :  
Come—bid us read in brightest eyes  
What maidens say when hearts are won.

*The Vision of* URSULA.

Father, whose love hath made me seek  
To keep thine every will till now,  
I own the hour that bids me speak  
My promised word—my bridal vow.

But, while I walked the garden through,  
I marked the lilies on their stem,  
And how in perfect grace they grew  
Till human hands should gather them.  
'Twere surely best to taste alone  
Of Love that doth with these accord—  
The plenteous dew that rains upon  
The planted garden of the Lord.  
And lo, I caught a whispered word:  
An unseen presence touched my side,  
And, in my soul of souls, I heard :

" Hail, Ursula !—hail, chosen bride !  
Not to the courts of earthly Kings,  
Not to the dross of earthly state,  
But to the height of greater things  
Thy life henceforth is consecrate ! "

CHORUS.

What unseen wonders round her wake,  
And move our souls to heavenly fear !  
Surely some Angel bids her speak—  
Some Angel's presence bids us hear !

URSULA.

Mine eyes fell open ; and I saw  
What I had dreamed, but never known—  
Above me, as a cloud of awe,  
I felt the shadow of the throne,  
It was an Angel spake the word :  
It was an Angel stood by me :  
And in the sound of harps I heard  
Once more that message,

" Hail to thee !

God sees the lilies, how they grow :  
Their sisterhood of souls he sees :  
And queens of earth, for all their show,  
Are not arrayed like one of these.  
Where'er thou go, whate'er betide,  
In light thy name is written down :  
Heaven may not lose a chosen bride,  
Nor thou let go a Heavenly Crown.

Yea, sire, with me an Angel spake  
With breath that pierced me as a sword :  
I scarce could whisper, ere I woke,  
" Behold the handmaid of the Lord ! "

DIONOTUS.

A maiden's fancies ! Nay—not thus  
Can duty melt, as melts the snow :  
Art thou not plight to answer us ?  
Shall dreams let love and honour go ?  
Speak, O my daughter !—

URSULA.

In the morning light  
Visions are God's : God's sun doth not betray.  
I am but warned to wait, till from my sight  
That veil of shadowed glory falls away.

DIONOTUS.

Her words sound scarce of earth.—Ah! if aright  
She reads that vision, dare I say her nay?

URSULA.

Now with a pilgrim-staff I'll leave the land,  
And seek, for light, the altar-flame of Rome :  
Then, if Heaven claim me not, I'll give my hand.  
Conan, to thee, when God shall lead me home.

DIONOTUS.

If it be Heaven that leadeth thee,  
Thou knowest best. So let it be.

INETH, CONAN, AND CHORUS.

It was an Angel spake to thee :  
His message in thy face we see :  
As Heaven hath willed, so let it be.

## CONAN.

Ursula !  
My heart is thine : Thy heart is Heaven's alone ;  
Yet will I wait, till Heaven and Love be one.

## URSULA.

God knoweth how to deal with me :  
He knoweth how to guide :  
His Word shall all my counsel be,  
For greater love hath none than He,  
Nor strength His might beside.

## CONAN.

God will yet give thy heart to me,  
And home thy feet will guide :  
I hope in Heaven, I trust in thee,  
That He will bring thee back to be  
My Queen, my Saint, my Bride.

SCENE II.—*The Sailing of URSULA.*

## CHORUS OF SAILORS.

Sea-winds are blowing  
Straight to the West :  
Trust to their keeping  
All you love best :  
Maidens of Cornwall,  
Trust to the sea—  
Follow your Lady,  
Bravely as she.

## CHORUS OF PEOPLE.

Days will be dreary  
While you are gone :  
Toil will be weary,  
Hearths will be lone.

## HYMN.—INETH AND MAIDENS.

Thee, God, we pray, that Thou wilt bless  
Our path by night and day—  
Thee, who through wave and wilderness  
Canst keep us safe away.  
For days but servants are of Thee,  
The nights but work Thy will :  
The storm-winds know Thy Majesty :  
Thou speakest : they are still.

Thou who canst keep us, day and night,  
And guide us, Thou, our God,  
Wilt lead us by Thy Glory's light,  
Nor let us lose the road.  
Thy staff shall guide our feet above,  
To reach, through nightless days,  
Beneath the Banner of the Dove,  
Thy Crown, whose name we praise.

## DIONOTUS.

Speed thee and save thee,  
Child of my love :  
Light on thy going  
Shine from above.  
Glad be thy coming  
Home from the sea :  
The Father of fathers  
Bless thee for me !

## CONAN.

Speed thee and save thee,  
Heart of my love :  
Light on thy going  
Shine from above.

## URSULA.

Farewell, my friends, my Father ! Unto thee,  
Conan, once more farewell. If I may be  
Thine, or not thine, God's self will choose for me.

## CHORUS OF SAILORS AND PEOPLE.

Sea-winds are blowing, &c.

## HYMN.

## URSULA, INETH, AND MAIDENS.

Thou who canst keep us, day and night, &c.

SCENE III.—*At Cologne (outside the Church).*

## CHORUS OF HUNS.

By rivers red, through forests black,  
O'er mountains old and grey,  
The ghosts of kingdoms point our track,  
And by the signs of rout and wrack,  
The eagles mark our way:—

*Hu !* be blood with wine outpoured—  
What is great ? The sword—the sword !

On, from the steppes that gave us birth,  
For cold and white are they :  
On to the Edens of the earth :  
They grow us grapes to make us mirth,  
They bear us foes to slay :—

*Hu !* be blood with wine outpoured—  
Who is king ? The sword—the sword !

## CONAN.

What echoes wake of woe and war ?  
Not such the signs I've journeyed far  
To seek, that anxious hopes may tell  
If all be ill, or aught be well.  
Here stands the fane that surely she  
Would pass for prayer, if well it be.  
Heaven keep from strife thy waves, O Rhine,  
Till she be here, and Heaven be mine !

The river sings, the river flows—  
Its song of songs I hear :  
My heart, outworn with longing, knows  
At last that she is near.  
How should her lover's heart, grown faint  
With waiting, fail to rove  
O'er all the world to seek my saint,  
My lady, and my love ?

Good Angels, bring me back my heart,  
And give her back the faith  
That mortal love hath still its part  
In Love that conquers death.  
What were a heaven of starless skies,  
And what all stars above,  
But hopes of banished hearts to rise  
To Heaven on wings of love ?

## HYMN.

URSULA AND MAIDENS. (*Within the Church.*)

Thou who hast kept us, day and night,  
And led us, Thou our God  
Wilt lead us by Thy glory's light,  
Nor let us lose the road.



Thy staff shall guide our feet above,  
 To reach, through nightless days,  
 Beneath the Banner of the Dove,  
 Thy Crown, whose name we praise.

*(The Scene changes to the Interior of the Church.)*

CHORUS OF HUNS, *repeated (in the distance).*

By rivers red, &c.

CONAN *(to URSULA).*

And thou art—here! And o'er the ground  
 The forms of demons swarm around—  
 Fly, Ursula!

URSULA.

Conan! 'Tis thou—and here?  
 Could'st thou not wait, and trust in me?  
 Why dost thou bid me fly? I see  
 The shield of God, without whose will  
 Is naught—

CONAN.

Alas! I boded ill—  
 But not thy death—Away!—

CHORUS OF HUNS *(gradually approaching).*

On from the steppes, &c.

*(They enter the Church.)*

THE CHIEF OF THE HUNS.

Too late for flying!  
 E'en now my warriors seize upon their own:  
 Who would escape, must choose 'twixt love and dying,  
 And thou, fair maid, 'twixt torture and a throne!  
 Thy beauty fires my heart—a crown awaits thee:  
 Yet will I woo not, even for eyes like thine—  
 A conqueror crowns thee, or his falchion mates thee.  
 Choose if thou wilt be Death's, fair maid, or mine!

URSULA AND MAIDENS.

Thou who hast kept us, day and night,  
 And led us, Thou our God  
 Wilt lead us still, by stedfast light,  
 Nor leave us by the road.  
 Thy staff shall guide our feet above, &c.

THE HUNS.

*Hu!* be blood with wine out-poured.

URSULA. *(As in the vision.)*

"Not to the courts of earthly kings,  
 Not to the dross of of earthly state,  
 But to the height of greater things  
 Thy life henceforth is consecrate.  
 Where'er thou art, whate'er betide,  
 In light thy name is written down;  
 Heaven may not lose a chosen bride,  
 Nor thou let go a Heavenly Crown."

*(To the Chief of the Huns.)*

King—since a king of men art thou—  
 Know that thy sword can give a crown  
 More royal than the bloodstained brow  
 Of warrior wins, or monarchs own.  
 Aloft, unto a kinglier throne  
 Than thine, I mount—the throne of Him  
 Who reigns above the worlds alone,  
 Hid by the songs of seraphim.

THE HUNS.

*Hu!* be blood with wine outpoured.  
 Who is king? The sword—the sword!

URSULA.

I hear their hymn—I see them stand  
 With beckoning wings—the clouds unroll.  
 Death's glorious Angel, take my hand:  
 Lord, Father, God, receive my soul!

INETH, CONAN, AND MAIDENS.

Thou who didst keep us, day and night,  
 Our Father and our God,  
 Hast brought us by a glorious light  
 Into a wondrous road.  
 Thy wings have borne our souls above  
 To win, for deathless days,  
 The Love that is more high than love,  
 The Crown whose gold is praise!

FINE.

# SAINT URSULA.

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## Sacred Cantata.

Scene 1.—AT THE COURT OF DIONOTUS.

No. 1.\*

**5622.**

\* *N.B.*—The Nos. in each Scene of this Cantata should follow each other without any pause.

**SOPRANO. *f***  
Come forth, sweet maid, nor long - er stray In se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall. . . .

**ALTO.**

**TENOR. *f***  
Come forth, sweet maid, nor long - er stray In se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall. . . .

**BASS.**

*f* Wind. *f* *dim.*

**DIONOTUS. *quasi Recit.***  
Bid her come forth, too long de - lay Her steps to an - swer du - ty's call.

*a tempo. f*  
Come forth, sweet maid, nor long - er

*f*  
Come forth, sweet maid, nor

*f*  
Come forth, sweet maid, nor long - er

*f*  
Come forth, sweet maid, nor

*quasi Recit.* *a tempo.* *8va.*  
*p* *f* Strings & Wind.

DIONOTUS *quasi Recit.*

Hath she for - got - ten how to -

stray In se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall. . . . .

stray In se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall. . . . .

stray In se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall. . . . .

stray In se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall. . . . .

8va. ~~~~~

*quasi Recit.**dim.**p*

8

8

8

8

- day She must plight troth be - fore us all?

*a tempo.*

Come forth,

sweet maid!

Come forth,

sweet maid!

Come forth,

sweet maid!

Not

Come forth,

sweet maid!

Not

'Cello.

Viol.

8

8

Not thus should bright eyes hide a - way, not thus should bright eyes hide a - way From their own

Not thus, not thus should bright eyes hide, not thus should bright eyes hide a - way From

thus should bright eyes hide a - way, should bright eyes hide, not thus should bright eyes hide a - way From their own

thus should bright eyes hide a - way, not thus, not thus should bright eyes hide a - way From

*cres.* morn, their morn of fes - ti - val, *f* from their own morn, their morn of fes - ti - val, *p* *cres.* *f*

*cres.* their own morn of fes - ti - val, *f* from their own morn, their morn of fes - ti - val. *p* *cres.* *f*

*cres.* morn, their morn of fes - ti - val, *f* from their own morn, their morn of fes - ti - val. *p* *cres.* *f*

*cres.* their own morn of fes - ti - val, *f* from their own morn, their morn of fes - ti - val. *p* *cres.* *f*

Not thus should bright eyes hide; . . . . . Come forth, sweet maid, nor long-er stray in se - cret

Not thus should bright eyes hide; Come forth, sweet maid, nor long-er stray, nor

Not thus should bright eyes hide; . . . . . Come forth, sweet maid, nor longer

Not thus should bright eyes hide; Come forth, sweet maid, come forth, sweet maid, . .



*sempre f*

from thy fa - ther's hall, nor long - er stray from thy fa - ther's hall, from thy fa - ther's hall, In

long - er stray, Come, come, come, . . . nor

*sempre f*

stray In se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall, nor long - er stray from thy fa - ther's hall, from thy fa - ther's

Nor long - er stray, nor long - er, long - er stray from thy fa - ther's hall,

*sempre f*

se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall. Come forth, sweet maid, . . .

long - er stray from thy fa - ther's hall. Come forth, . . .

hall, In se - cret from his hall. Come forth, sweet maid, . . .

In se - cret from his hall. Come forth, come forth, sweet maid, . . .

*sf* 8

*dim.* *ff*

... nor long - er stray from thy fa - - ther's hall. Come

*dim.*

... nor long - er stray from thy fa - - ther's hall.

*dim.* *ff*

... nor long - er stray from thy fa - - ther's hall. Come

*dim.* *ff*

... nor long - er stray from thy fa - - ther's hall. Come forth, come

*dim.* *sf* 8

*sempre ff**rit.**sempre ff**rit.**sempre ff**sempre ff**sempre ff**rit.**D a tempo.**mf* CONAN.*p*

Trombe.

*D a tempo.**dim.**p**pp*

Cello.

soft - ly call,

Let Love, not Du - ty call her here;

*p**p*

*dim.*

I will not make my Queen my thrall; I will not woo my wife with

*p Recit. lento.*

fear! Hath no man sought her where she waits With ti - mid ro - ses on her

TENOR. *pp* *Recit.*  
Come forth, sweet maid, . . . . .

BASS. *pp*  
Come forth, sweet maid, . . . . .

Viol. *Recit.*

*a tempo.* *p Recit. lento.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

cheek? With steps a - fraid to pass the gates, And lips that feel too faint to speak?

TENOR. *pp* *Recit.*  
Come forth, sweet maid. . . . .

BASS. *pp*  
Come forth, sweet maid. . . . .

*a tempo.* *Recit.* *a tempo.* Fl. & Clar. *pp*

INETH. *pp**misterioso.*

I found her in the Oboe.

Viola &amp; 'Cello.

gar - den path A - mong the flow'rs, all else for - got. As

*sempre pp*

one who some strange vi - sion hath, She mov'd not, heard not, answer'd not.

*p*  
 Li - lies are not so still and white. . . .  
 TENOR. *pp*

BASS. *pp* Come forth, to - day, thro' glad - der skies For thee and

Come forth, to - day, thro' glad - der skies For

'Cello.

Horn.

INETH. *p*

She stood as tho' some se-cret cloud Had wrapp'd her from the com - mon light ;

TENOR.

with thee mounts the sun, . Come, bid us read in bright-est eyes What maid-ens say, what maid - ens

BASS.

thee mounts the sun, . . Come, bid us read in bright-est eyes What maid-ens say, What maid - ens

Fl. *pp* *dim.*

INETH. *pp* *rall.*

And made me fear to speak a - loud. . .

SOPRANO. *pp*

*rall.* Come forth, sweet maid. . .

ALTO. *pp*

Come forth, sweet maid. . .

*rall. pp*

say When hearts are won. . .

*rall. pp*

say When hearts are won. . .

*rall. pp* *Clar.* *p* *rall.* *Trombe. p (lunga.)*

*Segue No. 2.*

*Ped.*

## No. 2.

## THE VISION OF URSULA.

*Molto moderato. (M.M. ♩ = 72.)*

PIANO.

*pp* Violins.

Harp.

Violins and Harp part, measures 1-4. The Violins play a melodic line with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The Harp provides a harmonic accompaniment.

Violins and Harp part, measures 5-8. The Violins continue the melodic line, and the Harp accompaniment features a crescendo (cres.) in measure 7.

Clarinet and Cor Anglais/Cellos part, measures 9-12. The Clarinet plays a melodic line with dynamics *mf*, *dim.*, *p*, and *dim.*. The Cor Anglais/Cellos provide a harmonic accompaniment.

URSULA, *quasi Recit.*

Fa - ther, whose love hath made me

Ursula's vocal part and Harp accompaniment, measures 13-16. Ursula's part is marked *quasi Recit.* and *pp*. The Harp accompaniment features a pedal point (Ped.) in measure 14.

seek To keep thine ev - 'ry will till now, I own the hour that bids me speak My pro - mised

Ursula's vocal part and Harp accompaniment, measures 17-20. Ursula's part continues with the lyrics "seek To keep thine ev - 'ry will till now, I own the hour that bids me speak My pro - mised". The Harp accompaniment features a piano (*p*) dynamic in measure 18.



word, my bri - dal vow. . . But, while I

*a tempo.*

*p* Violins. *cres.*

walked the gar - den through, I mark'd the li - lies on their stem, .

*mf*

And how in per - fect grace they grew Till hu - man hands, till

*dim.* *p*

hu - man hands should ga - ther them. 'Twere sure - ly best to taste a - lone of

*B poco animato. mf*

*B poco animato. (M.M. ♩ = 88.)*

Love that doth with these ac - cord— The plen - teous dew that rains . . . up - on the plant - ed gar - den of the

*cres.*

*cres.*

*f* Lord, The plen - teous dew that rains . . . up - on the gar - den of the Lord. *poco rit.* *C* *poco rit.* *C* *più mosso.* (M.M. ♩ = 132.)

*f* *p* *pp trem.*

Clar. & Bass Clar.

*Recit. p*

And lo! I caught a whis - pered word,

*Recit.* *a tempo. pp*

*Recit.* An un - seen pre - sence touch'd my side, *accel e cres.*

*Recit.* And in my soul of souls I heard:

*f* *Recit.*

*Molto moderato come prima.* (M.M. ♩ = 72.)

*Molto mod. come prima.* "Hail, . . . Ur - su - la! Hail, cho - sen bride!"

*8va.....* *8va.....*

*ff dim.* Wind, *p* *pp* *dim.*

Viol.

Not to the courts of earth - ly kings, Not to the dross of earth - ly state,

*Misterioso.* Picc. & Fl. *8va.* *pp* Clar., Horn.

But to the height of great - er things Thy life, . . . thy life hence - forth is con - se -

*cres.* *dim.* *cres.* *dim.*

*crate. . .*  
SOPRANO. *pp* What un - seen won - ders round her wake, . . And

ALTO. *pp* What un - seen won - ders round her wake, . . And

TENOR. *pp* What un - seen won - ders round her wake, . . And

BASS. *pp* What un - seen won - ders round her wake, . . And

*pp* Violins. Trombones.

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

move our souls to Heav'n - ly fear. . . . *cres.* Sure - ly some an - gel

move our souls to Heav'n - ly fear. . . . *cres.* Sure - ly some an - gel

move our souls to Heav'n - ly fear. . . . *cres.* Sure - ly some an - gel, some an - gel

move our souls to Heav'n - ly fear. . . . *cres.* Sure - ly some an - gel, some an - gel

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*dim.* bids her speak, Some an - gel's pre - sence bids us hear. . . . *poco animato.*

*dim.* bids her speak, Some an - gel's pre - sence bids us hear. . . .

*dim.* bids her speak, Some an - gel's pre - sence bids us hear. . . .

*dim.* bids her speak, Some an - gel's pre - sence bids us hear. . . .

*poco animato.* (M.M. ♩ = 88.)

*dim.* *p* Harp.

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

URSULA.

Mine eyes fell o - pen, and I saw What I had dreamed but ne - ver known: A -

*mf*

- bove me, as a cloud of awe, I felt the sha - dow of the Throne . . A - bove me, as a

*cres.*

*mf*

cloud, . . . I felt the sha - dow of the Throne. It was an an - gel spake the

*f*

word, . . . It was an an - gel stood by me.

*ff accel.*

*trem.*

Recit. *mf*

Molto moderato. (M.M. ♩ = 72.)

And in the sound of harps I heard once more that mes - sage:

*8va.*

*Recit.*

*Molto moderato.*

*sf*

*Harp.*

*f*

*8va.*

*Horns.*

*f* Hail to thee! *f* Hail to thee! *Ff* God sees the li - lies, how they grow,

*8va.* *f* Viols. *8va.*

Their sis - ter - hood of souls He sees, And queens of earth, for all their show, Are

*8va.*

*p* *animato.* *cre - scen - do.*  
not..... ar - ray'd like one of these, Wher - e'er thou art, what - e'er be - tide, In light thy name is

*p* *animato.* *cre - scen - do.*

*8va.*

*a tempo.* *f*  
writ - ten down; Heav'n may not lose a cho - sen Bride, Nor thou, . nor thou, .



*rit.* . . . . nor thou let go a heav'n - ly Crown." *f Recit.* Yea,

*ff* *8va.*

*p* Sire, with me an An - gel spoke With breath that pierc'd me as a sword, I scarce could whis-per, ere I

*Recit.* *f* *p*

*a tempo.* *ff* woke, Be - hold, . . . . be - hold the hand - maid of the

*a tempo.* *f Trombones.* *ff*

Lord!

*ff* *8va.*

*Segue No. 3.*

## No. 3. RECIT.—Dionotus &amp; Ursula.—“A Maiden’s Fancies.”

TRIO (Ineth, Conan, &amp; Dionotus) &amp; CHORUS—“If it be Heaven that leadeth thee.”

DIONOTUS. *Recit.*

*Recit.* A mai - den's fan - cies! Nay, not thus can du - ty melt, . . . as melts the snow. . . .

PIANO.

*a tempo.*

*mf* Art thou not plight to an - swer us? Shall dreams let love and hon - our go? Speak, O my daugh - ter!

*Moderato.*

*p* *cres.* *f*

URSULA.

*Molto moderato.*

In the morn - ing light, vi - sions are God's; . . .

*pp* Cor anglais.

*a tempo.*

*a tempo.* God's sun doth not be - tray. I am but warned to wait, . . . till from my sight That

*f* *p* Wind. Strings.

*dim.* **A** **DIONOTUS.**

veil of shadowed glo - ry falls a - way. Her words sound scarce of Harp.

*dim.* **A** *p*

earth; Ah! if a - right she reads that vi - sion, dare I say her nay?

**Horn.** *p* **Trumpets.** **Cellos.**

**URSULA.** *Recit.*

Now with a pil-grim staff, I'll leave the land, . . . and seek for light, the al - tar-flame of Rome. . .

*Recit.*

*cres.* *dim.* *rit.*

Then, if Heav'n claim me not, I'll give my hand, Co - pan, to thee, . . . when God shall lead me

*rit.* *p*

*Molto andante:*

home.

*Molto andante.* (M.M. ♩ = 54.) Violins.*sf* Horn.*dim.**p*

INETH.

It

CONAN.

It was an An - gel spake to thee,

DIONOTUS.

If it be Heav'n that lead-eth thee, Thou know-est best, So let it be.

*p*

INETH.

was an An - gel spake to thee,

*mf**dim.*

It was an An - gel spake to

CONAN.

*mf**dim.*

It was an An - gel spake . . . to

DIONOTUS.

*cres.**dim.*

Thou know - est best, thou knowest best, So let . . . it

*cres.**f**dim.*

## BINETH.

thee.

CONAN.

thee.

DIONOTUS.

thee.

ALTO. *mf* CHORUS.

It was an An - gel spake to thee.

BASS. *mf* CHORUS.

It was an An - gel spake to thee.

Wind.

*mf* 'Cello & Horn.

SOPRANO. CHORUS.

*p*

It was an An - gel spake to thee, His mes - sage

ALTO.

*p*

It was an An - gel spake to thee, His mes - sage

TENOR. *mf* CHORUS.*cres.**p*

It was an An - gel spake to thee, . . . . It was an An - gel spake to thee, His mes - sage

BASS.

*p*

It was an An - gel spake to thee,

Viol. &amp; Fl.

*cres.**f**p*

Harp.

Ped.

\*

Ped.

\*

Ped.

\*

in thy face we see, . . . It was an An - gel spake to thee; His mes-sage in thy face we see, . . . As  
 in thy face we see, . . . It was an An - gel spake to thee; His mes-sage in thy face we see, . . . As  
 in thy face we see, . . . It was an An - gel spake to thee; His mes-sage in thy face we see, . . .  
 spake to thee; . . . It was an An - gel spake to thee, spake to thee; . . .

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

INETH. *p*  
 CONAN. *p*  
 DIONOTUS. *p*  
 SOP. *p*  
 ALT. *p*  
 TEN. *p*  
 BASS. *p*

As Heav'n hath willed, As Heav'n hath willed, So let it be, . . .  
 As Heav'n hath willed, As Heav'n hath willed, So let it be. . .  
 Thou know-est best, Thou know-est best, So let it be, . . . *cres.*  
 Heav'n hath willed, As Heav'n hath willed, So let it be. It was an An - gel, an *cres*  
 Heav'n hath willed, As Heav'n hath willed, Heav'n hath willed. It was an An - gel, an *cres.*  
 Heav'n hath willed, Heav'n hath willed, So let it be. It was an An - gel, an *cres.*  
 Heav'n hath willed, Heav'n hath willed, Heav'n hath willed. It was an *cres.*

INETH.

D

p

DIONOTUS.

As Heav'n hath willed,

Thou know - est best,

*dim.*

An . . . gel that spake to thee.....

As Heav'n hath willed, as Heav'n hath

An . . . gel that spake to thee.....

As Heav'n hath willed, as Heav'n hath

An . . . gel that spake to thee.....

As Heav'n hath willed, as Heav'n hath

An . . . gel that spake to thee.....

As Heav'n hath willed, as Heav'n hath

D

Wind.

Harp.

INETH.

*dim.*

p

As Heav'n hath willed, so let it be. . . .

It was an An - gel spake to thee, It

As Heav'n hath willed, so let it be. . . .

It was an An - gel spake to thee, It

thou know-est best, so let it be. . . .

willed, so let it be,

so let it be. . . . .

It

willed, so let it be,

so let it be. . . . .

It

willed, so let it be,

so let it be. . . . .

It

willed, so let it be,

so let it be. . . . .

Viol.

Horn.

**E** *cre - - - scen-do. f dim.*

was an An - gel spake to thee, it was an An - gel,

was an An - gel spake to thee, it was an An - gel,

*p* If it be Heav'n that lead - eth thee, Thou know - est, thou know - est best,

was an An - gel spake, it was an An - gel, it was an An - gel, His

was an An - gel spake, it was, it was an An - gel, His

was an An - gel spake, it was, it was an An - gel,

*p* It was an An - gel spake, . . . it was an An - gel spake, . . .

**E** *cre scen-do. f dim. p*

**F DIONOTUS**

Thou know - est

**SOP.** *sempre dim. pp poco rit. a tempo.*

mes - sage in thy face we see, as Heav'n hath willed, so let it be.

**ALT.** *sempre dim. pp poco rit.*

mes - sage in thy face we see, as Heav'n hath willed, so let it be.

**TENOR.** *p dim. pp poco rit.*

As Heav'n hath willed, as Heav'n hath willed, so let it, let it be.

**BASS.** *dim. pp poco rit.*

as Heav'n hath willed, so let it be.

**F a tempo.**

*sempre dim. pp poco rit.*



**INETH.** *p* As Heav'n, as Heav'n hath willed, So let it be. . . . *pp* So

**CONAN.** *p* As Heav'n, as Heav'n hath willed, So let it be. . . . *pp* So

**DION.** As Heav'n, as . . . Heav'n hath willed, So let it be. . . . *pp* So

best, thou know - est best, So let it be. . . . *p* *dim. e molto rall.* *pp* So

**SOP.** As Heav'n, as Heav'n hath willed, So let *p* *dim. e molto rall.* *pp*

**ALTO.** As Heav'n, as Heav'n hath willed, So let *p* *dim. e molto rall.* *pp*

**TENOR.** As Heav'n, as Heav'n hath willed, So let. *p* *dim. e molto rall.*

**BASS.** As Heav'n hath willed, as Heav'n hath willed, So let *pp* *rall.*

So let

**Wind.** *p* *molto rall.* *pp*

*molto rall.* *rall.*

let it be. . . . .

*molto rall.* let it be. . . . .

*molto rall.* let it be. . . . .

it be. . . . .

it be. . . . .

it be. . . . .

it be. . . . .

*a tempo.* *pp* *rall.*

**Viol.** *pp* **Horn.** *Segue No. 4.*

**Ped.** \*

# No. 4. RECITATIVE & DUETTINO—Ursula & Conan—"God knoweth how to deal with me."

*Lento.*  
CONAN. *quasi Recit.*

Ur - su - la! my heart is thine: Thy heart is Heav'n's a - lone; . . Yet

*Lento.*  
PIANO. *p* Strings. *mf*

*rit.*  
will I wait, yet will I wait, till Heav'n . . and Love be one. .

Clar. *p*

URSULA.  
*p*  
God know-eth how to deal with me, He know-eth how to guide, He know-eth how to guide.  
*Moderato con moto.* (M.M.  $\text{♩} = 52$ .)

*p* Clars. & Horns.  
Basses.

CONAN  
God will yet give thy heart to me, And home thy feet will guide, And home thy feet will guide.  
Flutes.

## URSULA A



## CONAN



## Clar.



strength

His might be - side, . . .

Nor strength His might

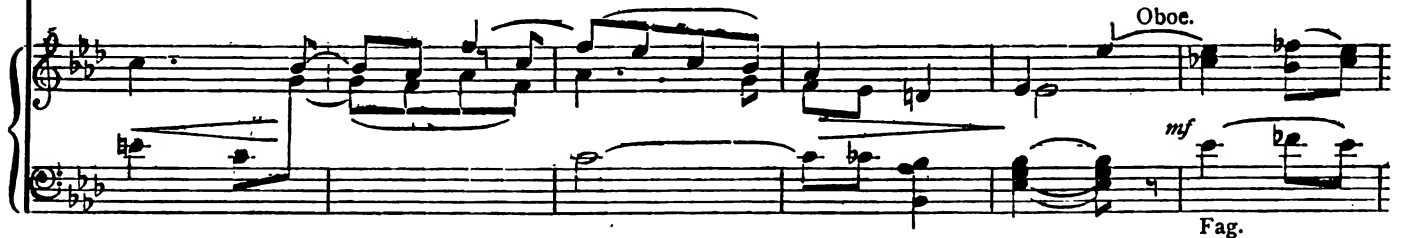
be - side. . . . .

My Queen, my Saint, my Bride, . . .

My Saint, my Bride, . .

God will yet

## Oboe.



Great - er love

hath none than

give thy heart to me,

And home thy feet will guide,

And home thy feet will guide,

thy



He. God know - eth how to deal with me, He know - eth how,  
 feet will guide. . . . I hope in Heav'n, I hope in Heav'n

*dim.* *p* *cres.* *Fl.* *dim.* *p* *Horns.* *cres.*

Clar,

. . . He know - eth how to guide, His word, . . . His word shall all . .  
 . . . that He will bring thee back, I hope, . . . I hope in Heav'n

*f* *f* *Horns.* *f*

. . . my coun - sel be, shall all my coun - sel be. . .  
 . . . I trust in thee, I . . . trust in thee. . .

*dim.* *B* *dim.* *Fl.* *B* *Oboe.* *mf*

*p*

Great - - er love hath none . . . than He, . . .

*p*

He . . . will bring thee back . to me, . . .

*dim.*

*p* <sup>^</sup>Clar.

*piu p* *rall.* *p*

Great - er love hath none, hath . .

*piu p*

He . will bring thee back

*rall.* *pp*

*p*

none, than He. . . .

*p*

to me. Clar. *molto rall.*

*p* *dim.*

R.H.

## Scene 2.—THE SAILING OF URSULA.

## No. 5. CHORUS OF SAILORS &amp; PEOPLE—"Sea-winds are Blowing."

## HYMN—"Thee, God, we Pray."

*Allegretto ma non troppo presto.* (MM. ♩. = 60.)

PIANO. *p* Horn, & Strings. Viol. Horn. Viola & 'Cello. Clar. Fag.

*A* *p* Viol.

THE SAILORS. 1ST & 2ND TENORS. *mf* Sea - winds are blow - ing

3RD TENORS. *mf* Sea - winds are blow - ing

*sempre p*

*p* Straight to the west, . . . . . Trust to their keep - ing

*p* Straight to the west, . . . . . Trust to their keep - ing

The musical score is written for piano and voices. The piano part consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, featuring a complex, flowing melody with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The vocal parts include 1st and 2nd Tenors, 3rd Tenors, and a Chorus of Sailors & People. The lyrics are: "Sea-winds are Blowing. Straight to the west, . . . . . Trust to their keep - ing". The tempo is marked "Allegretto ma non troppo presto" with a metronome marking of 60 beats per minute. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (p, mf, p), articulation (accents), and performance instructions (sempre p).

\* The small notes ♩ from letter A need not necessarily be played.

*cres.*  
All you love best ; . . . . . Mai - dens of Corn - wall, Trust to the sea, . . .  
*cres.*  
All you love best ; . . . . . Mai - dens of Corn - wall, Trust to the sea, . . .

*mf* *p*  
Fol - low your la - dy Brave - ly as she. . . . .  
*mf* *p*  
Fol - low your la - dy Brave - ly as she, . . . . .

*dim.*

*B* *mf*  
Sea - winds are blow - ing  
*mf*  
Sea - winds are blow - ing

*B*  
'Cello. Horns.

*p*  
Straight to the west, . . . . . Trust to their keep - ing All you love best ; ..  
*p*  
Straight to the west, . . . . . Trust to their keep - ing All you love best ; ..

\*  Repeat previous bar.

*cre* - *scen* - *do*.

Mai - dens of Corn - wall, Trust to the sea, . . .

*cre* - *scen* - *do*.

Mai - dens of Corn - wall, Trust to the sea, . . .

*cre* - *scen* - *do*.

*f* Fol - - - low your la - - dy *p* Brave - ly as she. . . .

*f* Fol - - - low your la - dy *p* Brave - ly as she. . . .

*f* *dim.*

THE PEOPLE. 1ST & 2ND ALTO.

*mf* Days will be drea - ry While you are gone, Toil will be wea - ry, Hearths will be lone,

1ST & 2ND BASS.

*mf* Days will be drea - ry While you are gone, Toil will be wea - ry, Hearths will be lone,

Ob., Clar.

*mf*



1ST ALTO. *cres.*  
Toil will be wea - ry, Hearths will . . . be lone, While you . . .

2ND ALTO. *cres.*  
Hearths will be lone, will be lone, . . . . . While

1ST BASS. *cres.*  
Toil will be wea - ry, Hearths . . . will . . . be lone, . . .

2ND BASS. *cres.*  
Hearths will be lone, will be lone, . . . . . be

Horn.  
*cres.*

THE SAILORS. *mf* 1ST & 2ND TENORS.  
Sea - - winds are blow - - ing,  
*mf* 3RD.  
Sea - - winds are blow - - ing,  
are gone. . . . .  
you . . . . . are gone.  
While you are gone.  
lone. . . . .

*p* Ped.

*p*

Straight to the west, . . . Trust to their keep - ing All you love best ; . .

Straight to the west, . . . Trust to their keep - ing All you love best ; . .

THE PEOPLE. 1ST & 2ND BASS. *p*

Days will be

*cres.*

Mai - dens of Corn - wall, Trust to the sea, . . .

*cres.*

Mai - dens of Corn - wall, Trust to the sea, . . .

drea - - ry While you are gone, Toil will be wea - ry, *cres.*

*f*

Fol - - low your la - dy Brave-ly as she, *p*

Fol - low your la - dy Brave-ly as she, *p*

1ST & 2ND ALTO. *dim.*

Days will be drea - ry While you are gone, *dim.*

Hearths will be lone, be lone, *dim.*

1ST &amp; 2ND TENORS.

*pp*

3RD TENOR.

*pp*

ALTO.

BASS.

Fol - low your la - dy Brave-ly as she. . . . .

Fol - low, fol - low Brave-ly as she. . . . .

While you are gone. . . . .

be lone. . . . .

Ped.

(The crotchets a little slower than the preceding dotted crotchets.)  
*Molto moderato.* (M.M. ♩ = 54.)

*dim.*

Horn.

Clar., Fag.

*p**cres.*

HYMN.

Trumpets, Trombones.

*p**f*

INETH.

Thee, God, we pray that Thou wilt bless our path by night and day, . . .  
 1ST SOPRANO. *f*  
 Thee, God, we pray, . . .  
 2ND SOPRANO. *f*  
 Thee, God, we pray, . . .  
 1ST ALTO. *f*  
 Thee, God, we pray, . . .  
 2ND ALTO. *f*  
 Thee, God, we pray, . . .  
 ORGAN. *f*  
 Trump. *f*

Thee, who, thro' wave and wil - der - ness canst keep us safe al - way, . . . For days but ser - vants are of  
 Thee, God, we pray,  
 Thee, God, we pray,  
 Thee, God, we pray,  
 Thee, God, we pray,  
 Thee, God, we pray,  
 ORGAN. *f*  
 Trump. *f*

**D** *cres.*

Thee, The nights but work Thy will, but work Thy will, *cres.*

Days but ser-vants are of Thee, The nights but work Thy will, nights but work, work Thy *cres.*

Days but ser-vants are of Thee, The nights but work Thy will, nights but work, work Thy *cres.*

Days but ser-vants are of Thee, The nights but work Thy will, nights but work, work Thy *cres.*

Days but ser-vants are of Thee, of Thee, nights but work, work Thy *cres.*

**D** *p* **ORGAN.** *cres. f*

Trumpet.

The storm-winds know, The storm-winds know Thy ma-jes-ty. Thou speak-est, *f*

will, The storm-winds know, . . . The storm-winds know Thy ma-jes-ty. Thou *f*

will, The storm-winds know, . . . The storm-winds know Thy ma-jes-ty. Thou *f*

will, The storm-winds know, . . . The storm-winds know Thy ma-jes-ty. Thou *f*

will, The storm-winds know, . . . The storm-winds know Thy ma-jes-ty. Thou *f*

they are still. . . . Thou who canst keep us day and

pp speak - est, they are still. . . .

pp speak - est, they are still. . . .

pp speak - est, they are still. . . .

pp speak - est, they are still. . . .

ORGAN.

Trumpet.

f

night, and guide us, Thou, our God, . . . wilt lead us by Thy glo-ry's light, nor let us lose the

p Thou who canst keep us,

p Thou who canst keep us,

p Thou who canst keep us,

p Thou who canst keep us,

p Thou who canst keep us,

p

*mf* **E**

road. . . . Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, Thy

Thou who canst keep us, *mf* Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less

Thou who canst keep us, *mf* Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less

Thou who canst keep us, *mf* Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less

Thou who canst keep us, *mf* Thy staff shall guide, . . . shall guide our feet to

**ORGAN.** *p*

*cres.* staff shall guide our feet, shall guide our feet To reach be-neath the Ban - ner of the

*cres.* days Be-neath the Ban - ner, be - neath the Ban - ner of the Dove . . . Thy

*cres.* days Be-neath the Ban - ner, be - neath the Ban - ner of the Dove . . . Thy

*cres.* days Be-neath the Ban - ner, be - neath the Ban - ner of the Dove . . . Thy

*cres.* reach Be-neath the Ban - ner, be - neath the Ban - ner of the Dove . . . Thy

**Trumpet.**

*f*

Dove— Thy staff shall guide our feet, . . . To reach thro' night-less days, . .

Crown whose name we praise, . . To reach Thy Crown . . . . . whose

Crown whose name we praise, . . To reach Thy Crown . . . . . whose

Crown whose name we praise, . . To reach Thy Crown . . . . . whose

Crown whose name we praise, . . To reach Thy Crown . . . . . whose

ORGAN.

*f*

*ff* *rit.*

. . . Thy Crown . . whose name we praise, whose name we praise. . . . .

name we praise, . . whose name we praise. . . . .

name we praise, . . whose name we praise. . . . .

name we praise, . . whose name we praise. . . . .

name we praise, . . whose name we praise. . . . .

Trumpets. ORGAN. *rit.* *ff* Trombones.



(M.M. ♩ = 66.)

*poco più moto.*

Obol.

Fl. &amp; Horn.

Fl.

*p* Viola & 'Cello.*p* Clar.

DIONOTUS.

Speed thee and save thee, Child of my love, Light on thy go - ing Shine from a - bove; Glad be thy com - ing

Home from the sea, Glad be thy com - ing Home from the sea; The Fa - ther of fa - thers Bless thee for me,

The Fa - ther of fa - - thers Bless thee, bless thee for me. . . .

E CONAN.

Speed thee and save thee, Heart of my love, . . . Light on thy

DIONOTUS, *p*

Speed thee and save thee, Child of my love,

F Violins.

'Cello. *marcato.*

go - ing Shine from a - bove, . . . . Speed thee and save thee, *cres.*  
Speed thee and save thee, *cres.* Child of my love, . . . .

Heart of my love, . . . . Heart of my love, . . . . *dim.* *p* *poco rit.*  
The Fa - ther of fa - - thers Bless thee for me, *dim.* Bless thee for *p* *poco rit.*

*G a tempo.* love. *URSULA.* Fare - well, my friends, my fa - ther, fare - well!  
me. *G a tempo.* Viols. *p*

Un - to thee, Co - nan, once more, fare - well! *rit.* *poco più lento.* *mf* If I may be thine  
Horns & Fag. *p*

or not thine God's self, . . . God's self will choose for

*cres.* *f dim.* *p*

Trombones.

me. MAIDENS. ALTO. Thou who canst keep us day and

SAILORS. TENORS. *marcato.* Sea-winds are blow - ing Straight to the west, THE PEOPLE. BASS. Thou who canst keep us day and

*Allegretto.* (M.M.  $\text{♩} = 60$ .) *mf* *f* Violins.

'Cello.

N.B.—One bar like two of the opening movement of this No.

Violoncello.

MAIDENS. SOPRANO. *f* Thou who canst keep us,

ALTO. night, and guide us, Thou, our God, . . . wilt lead . . . us by Thy glory's light, Nor let us lose the

IST & 2ND TENOR. Trust to their keep - ing All you love best ;

3RD TENOR. Trust to their keep - ing All you love best ;

BASS. night, and guide us, Thou, our God, . . . wilt lead . . . them by Thy glory's light, Nor let them lose the

Ped. \*

Thou who canst keep us, Thy staff shall guide our feet a -

road, . . . . Thy staff shall guide our feet above, shall guide our feet a -

*mf* Mai - dens of Cornwall, Trust to the sea, . . Fol - - low your la - - dy

*mf* Mai - dens of Cornwall, Trust to the sea, . . Fol - - low your la - - dy

road, . . . . Thy staff shall guide their feet above, Thy staff . . . .

*ped. g*

*crescendo sempre.*

- bove, Thy staff shall guide our feet, Thy staff shall guide . . . . *cres.*

- bove, Thy staff shall guide our feet, Thy staff shall

*p* Brave-ly as she. *p* Brave-ly as she. *crescendo sempre.*

shall guide their feet, Thy staff shall guide . . . .

*crescendo sempre.*

**SOPRANO.**  
shall guide our feet . . . . . To reach thro' night . . . less

**ALTO.**  
guide, . . . . . shall guide our feet To reach Thy

**BASS.**  
. . . . . shall guide their feet . . . . . To reach Thy

*f*

*f* **SOPRANO.**  
days Thy Crown whose name we praise. . . . . Thy staff shall guide our feet a -

*f* **ALTO.**  
Crown, Thy Crown whose name we praise. . . . .

**1ST & 2ND TENOR.**  
Sea - winds are blow . . . . . ing Straight to the west, . . . . .

**3RD TENOR.**  
Sea - winds are blow . . . . . ing Straight to the west, . . . . .

**BASS.**  
Crown whose name we praise, . . . . . Thy Crown . . . . .

*f*

URSULA.

I

bove, shall guide our feet a - bove, . . . . Thy staff shall guide, . . . Thy staff shall guide, . .

INETH.

Thy staff shall guide our

CONAN.

Speed . . thee and save . . . thee, oh heart . .

DIONOTUS.

Speed thee and save thee, oh

SOPRANO.

Thy staff shall guide, shall guide our

ALTO.

Thy staff shall guide, shall guide our

1ST &amp; 2ND TENOR.

Sea - winds are blow - ing Straight to the west. . . . Trust to their keep-ing

3RD TENOR.

Sea - winds are blow - ing Straight to the west, . . . Trust to their keep-ing

BASS.

Thy staff shall guide, shall guide their

I

shall guide our feet To  
 feet, Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less days Thy  
 of my love, Light on thy go - ing, Light on thy  
 child of my love, . . . Light on thy go - ing, Light on thy  
 feet a - bove, . . .  
 feet a - - - bove, . . . To reach Thy Crown whose  
 feet, shall . . . guide our feet, To reach thro' night - less days Thy Crown whose  
 All you love best, All you love best; . . . Mai - dens of Corn - wall, Trust to the  
 All you love best, All you love best; . . . Mai - dens of Corn - wall, Trust to the  
 feet, Thy . . . staff shall guide their feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less days Thy  
 8 Ped.

reach Thy Crown whose name we praise. . . .

Crown, Thy Crown whose name we praise. . . .

go - ing, Shine from a - bove, Shine from a - - - bove. . . .

go - ing, Shine from a - bove, Shine from a - - - bove. . . .

name we praise, Thy Crown whose name we praise. . . .

name we praise, Thy Crown whose name we praise. . . .

sea, Fol - low your la - dy Brave - ly as she, Brave - ly as she. . . .

sea, Fol - low your la - dy Brave - ly as she, Brave - ly as she. . . .

Crown, Thy Crown whose name we praise, we praise. . . .

Violins.

Ped. \* Ped. 8 8 \* Ped. \* Ped.



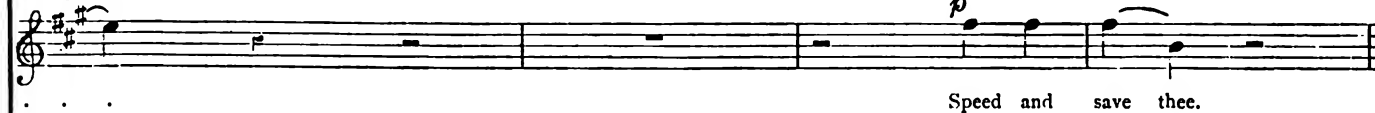
URSULA.



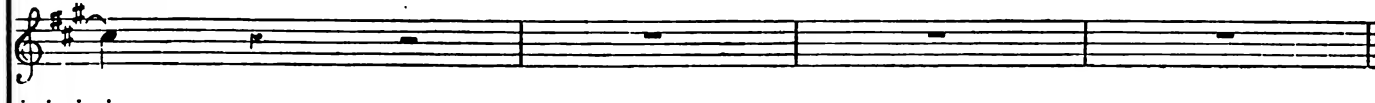
INETH.



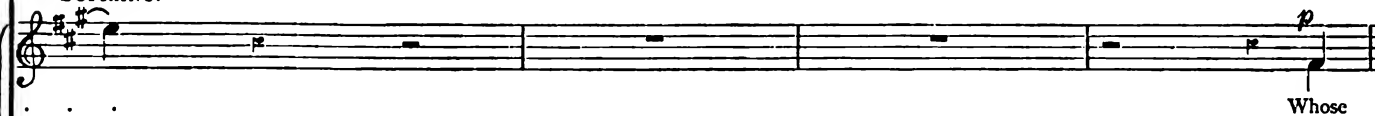
CONAN.



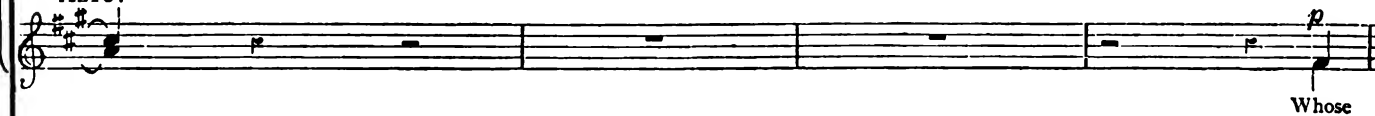
DIONOTUS.



SOPRANO.



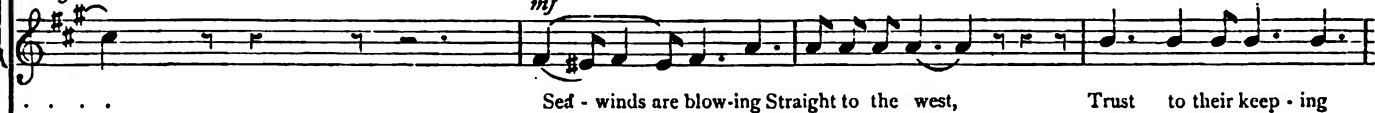
ALTO.



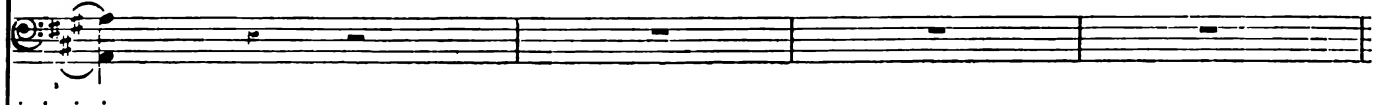
1ST &amp; 2ND TENOR.



3RD TENOR.



BASS.



fare - well ! . . .

*p* whose name we praise, . . .

*p* Fare - well ! . . . *più p* Speed and

*p* Fare - well ! . . .

name we praise, . . .

name we praise, . . .

*dim.* All you love best. . . . *sempre dim.* Sea-winds are blow- ing Straight to the west,

*dim.* All you love best. . . . *sempre dim.* Sea-winds are blow- ing Straight to the west,

*p* Fare - well ! . . .

*più p*

*più p*

Fare - - well, . . . fare - well ! .

*più p*

whose name we praise, . . .

save thee, Fare - well ! . . .

*p*

Fare - well ! . . .

*più p*

whose name we praise, . . .

*più p*

whose name we praise, . . .

Trust to their keep - ing All you love best. . . .

Trust to their keep - ing All you love best. . . .

*p*

Fare - well ! . . .

*dim.*

*pp* Fare - well, fare - well. . . . .

Fare - - - well! . . . . .

*ppp*

whose name we praise. . . . .

*ppp*

whose name we praise. . . . .

*ppp*

whose name we praise. . . . .

*pp* Trust to their keep - ing All you love best. . . . .

*ppp*

Trust to their keep - ing All you love best. . . . .

*ppp*

Fare .

*pp* *dim.* *ppp*

Ped.

This musical score page, numbered 63, contains vocal and piano parts. The vocal staves at the top show two voices with lyrics: "Fare . . . well !". The piano accompaniment includes a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, and a lower section with staves for Clarinet (Clar.), Horn, and Pedal (Ped.). The score is marked with various dynamics: *pp* (pianissimo), *ppp* (pianississimo), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *f* (forte). The piano part features complex textures, including rapid sixteenth-note passages and sustained chords. A double bar line with repeat dots appears in the lower piano section. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is not explicitly shown but appears to be common time.

Fare . . . well !

Fare . . . well !

- well, fare well !

*pp*

*ppp*

*ppp*

*dim.*

*ppp*

*f*

Clar.

Horn.

Ped.

## Scene 3.—AT COLOGNE. (Outside the Church.)

## No. 6. INTRODUCTION &amp; CHORUS OF HUNS.—“By Rivers Red.”

*Molto moderato.* (M.M.  $\text{♩} = 72$ .)

PIANO.

Oboe. *p*

Clar. *p*

*Allegro con molto fuoco (quasi il doppio movimento).* (M.M.  $\text{♩} = 100$ .)

*pp* R.H. *pp* R.H.

'Cellos.

*cres.* *p*

Viols. *p*

Ped. \*

Ped. \*

First system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment with a *Ped.* (pedal) marking and asterisks indicating specific points.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melodic line. The left hand has a *Ped.* marking at the beginning and another *Ped.* marking with asterisks later in the system.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand is marked *Horns.* and *f* (forte). The left hand has a *Ped.* marking and asterisks.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melodic line. The left hand has a *crescendo.* marking and a *v* (accrescendo) marking.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand has a *p* (piano) marking and a *cre* (crescendo) marking. The left hand has a *Cimbals.* marking.

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand has a *scendo.* (crescendo) marking and a *ff* (fortissimo) marking. The left hand has a *Ped.* marking and asterisks.

*ff*  
\* Ped.

*ff*  
\* Ped.

*f*  
\* Ped.

TENOR. *f (Savagely.)*

By ri - vers red, thro'

BASS. *f (Savagely.)*

By ri - vers red, thro' fo - rests black,

*f*  
\* Ped.



fo - rests black, O'er moun - tains old and grey. . . . .

O'er moun - tains old and grey. . . . . By

\* Ped. \*

**B** *f* By ri - vers red, thro' fo - rests black, O'er

ri - vers red, thro' fo - rests black, O'er

**B** Ped.

moun - tains old and grey. . . . .

moun - tains old and grey. . . . .

Horns.

\* Ped. \*

*f*

The ghosts of king - - doms point our track,

*f* *p* *cres.*

And by the signs of rout and rack The ea - gles mark,

*f* *p* *cres.*

And by the signs of rout and rack The ea - gles mark,

*C f*

the ea - gles mark, the ea - gles mark our way. . . . .

*f*

the ea - gles mark, the ea - gles mark our way. . . . .

*f*

Ped.

*ff*

Hu! \* . . . . Be

*ff*

Hu! . . . . Be blood with wine out -

*ff*

\* Ped. \* Cimbals.

blood with wine out - poured, . . . What is great? what is great? what is

- poured, What is great? what is great? what is

great? The sword! the sword! . . . .

great? The sword! the sword! . . . .

\* This cry should be pronounced somewhat like "who," but a little more closed.

*ff* Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out - - poured ; . . .

Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out - - poured ; What is

What is great ? what is great ? what is great ? The sword ! the

great ? what is great ? what is great ? The sword ! the

sword ! . . .

sword ! . . .

*ff*

Ped.

**D**

*fff*

Ped.

\*

*dim.*

Ped.

\*

*p*

Ped.

*mf*

Viols.

On,

*mf*

On, from the steppes that gave us birth, For

from the steppes that gave us birth, For

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major). The vocal melody begins with a half note 'On,' followed by eighth notes for 'from the steppes' and 'that gave us birth, For'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand.

cold and white are they. . . . . *mf* On,

cold and white are they. . . . . On, from the steppes

*mf*

*Ped.* *Ped.*

The second system continues the musical piece. It features a long melisma on the word 'they.' in the vocal parts, indicated by a horizontal line. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic patterns. Pedal points are marked with an asterisk and the word 'Ped.' under the left-hand piano part.

from the steppes that gave us birth, For cold and white are

that gave us birth, For cold and white are

The third system concludes the page. It repeats the vocal phrases 'from the steppes that gave us birth, For cold and white are' and 'that gave us birth, For cold and white are'. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic texture throughout.

they. . . . .

they. . . . .

Horns.

Ped.

\* f p

**E**

On to the E - - dens of the earth :

They

**E**

Ped.

\* f p

grow us grapes to make us mirth, They bear us foes,

grow us grapes to make us mirth, They bear us foes,

cres.

cres.

cres.

Ped.

\* v

they bear us foes, they bear us foes to slay. . . . .

they bear us foes they bear us foes to slay. . . . .

*f*

Ped.

*ff* Hu! . . . . . Be

*ff* Hu! . . . . . Be blood with wine out -

*ff*

\* Ped. \* Cimbals.

blood with wine out - poured, . . . Who is king? who is king? who is

- poured, Who is king? who is king? who is

*f*



king? The sword! the sword! . . . . .

king? The sword! the sword! . . . . .

The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with flowing sixteenth-note patterns and a left-hand part with block chords and moving bass lines.

*f* Hu! . . . . Be blood with wine out - poured; . . .

*f* Hu! . . . . Be blood with wine out - - poured; Who is

The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, featuring a right-hand part with sixteenth-note runs and a left-hand part with harmonic support.

Who is king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the

king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the

The piano accompaniment maintains the same musical texture, with a right-hand part featuring sixteenth-note figures and a left-hand part providing harmonic foundation.

sword! . . . . . The *fff*

sword! . . . . . The *fff*

*f* Ped. \*

sword! . . . . .

sword! . . . . .

*fff* Ped. \*

*sempre fff* Ped. \*

*Sua.* ~~~~~

*Segue subito No. 7.*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Cimbals.

## No. 7. RECIT. &amp; AIR.—Conan.—“What echoes wake.”

CONAN. *Recit.* *ff.* *Recit. più lento.* *p*

What e-choes wake of woe and war? Not such the

*L'istesso tempo.* *Recit.* *a tempo.* *Recit.*

*p* *cres.* *f* *p* *cres.* *f*

PIANO.

signs I've jour-ney'd far to seek, that anx-ious hopes may tell . . . If all be ill, or aught be well;

*più lento.* *p* *rit.* *A molto moderato.*

*A molto moderato.* Horn.

Here stands the fane that sure - ly she would pass for prayer,

*p* *cres.* *Strings.*

*più lento.* *mf* *f* *dim.*

if well it be. Heav'n keep from strife thy waves, O Rhine, . . . Till she be here, . . . till she be

*più lento.* *trem.* *dim.* *p* *f* *dim.*

*rall.*  
here, . . . and Heav'n be mine!  
*Andante con sentimento.* (M.M. ♩ = 50.)  
Violas.  
*p*  
Clar. & Horns.

*p* **B**  
The ri - ver sings, the ri - ver flows, Its song of songs I  
*p* **B** Violins.

hear; My heart, out-worn with long-ing, knows At last that she is near! How should her lo-ver's  
*mf*  
*cre - - scendo.*

heart, grown faint with wait-ing, fail to rove . . . O'er all the world to seek my saint, my  
*f*  
*cre - - scendo.*

la - dy, and my love, . . . My la - dy, and my love. Good

*dim.* *p* *C* *Violas.* *Clar.*

An - gels, bring me back my heart, And give her back the faith That mor - tal love hath still its part In

*cres.* *p* *cres.*

Love that conquers death, In Love that con - quers death, . . .

*dim.* *rit.* *colla voce.* *dim.* *dim.* *Horn.*

What were a Heav'n of star-less skies? And what all stars a - bove But hopes of ban-ished

*p* *rall.* *a tempo.* *Fl.* *pp* *Strings.*

D

*cre - - - scendo.*

hearts to rise To Heav'n on wings of love?— How should her lo-ver's heart, grown faint with wait - ing, fail to

*mf cre - - - scendo.*

rove O'er all the world to seek my saint, my la - dy, and my love, My la - dy, and my

*f sempre f dim.*

*f dim. colla voce.*

love! . . . My saint, . . . .

*p*

*Viola. p*

*Clar.*

*Strings.*

to seek my saint, my love! . . . .

*dim. e rit. pp*

*rit. molto rall.*

*dim. Strings. pp*

*Segue No. 8.*

## No. 8.

## FINALE—"Thou who hast kept us."

*Molto moderato.* (M.M. ♩ = 54)  
*p* (*Within the Church.*)

URSULA. Thou who hast kept us day and night, And led us, Thou, our God, . . . Wilt

1ST SOP. Thou who hast kept us,

2ND SOP. Thou who hast kept us,

1ST ALT. Thou who hast kept us,

2ND ALT. Thou who hast kept us,

ORGAN. Thou who hast kept us,

PIANO. Thou who hast kept us,

lead us by Thy glo-ry's light, Nor let us lose the road. . . . Thy staff shall guide our feet a -

Thou who hast kept us,

Thou who hast kept us,

Thou who hast kept us,

Thou who hast kept us,

Thou who hast kept us,

Thou who hast kept us,

bove, . . . Thy staff shall guide our feet, *cres.*

*mf* Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less days *cres.* Be - neath the

*mf* Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less days *cres.* Be - neath the

*mf* Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less days *cres.* Be - neath the

*mf* Thy staff shall guide, . . . shall guide our feet to reach, *cres.* Be - neath the

*p*

shall guide our feet To reach, be-neath the ban - ner of the Dove, Thy

ban - ner, be - neath the ban - ner of the Dove, . . . Thy Crown whose name we praise ;

ban - ner, be - neath the ban - ner of the Dove, . . . Thy Crown whose name we praise ;

ban - ner, be - neath the ban - ner of . . . the Dove, . . . Thy Crown whose name we praise ;

ban - ner, be - neath the ban - ner of . . . the Dove, . . . Thy Crown whose name we praise ;

*f*



staff shall guide our feet, . . . To reach thro' night-less days . . . Thy Crown whose name we

To reach Thy Crown . . . whose name we praise,

To reach Thy Crown . . . whose name we praise,

To reach Thy Crown . . . whose name we praise,

To reach Thy Crown . . . whose name we praise,

To reach Thy Crown . . . whose name we praise,

The musical score is written for a vocal ensemble and piano. It consists of eight staves. The first six staves are vocal parts, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves. The seventh staff is the piano accompaniment, written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, beams, and dynamic markings like *f* (forte) and *dim.* (diminuendo).

rit. *Allegro con fuoco.*

praise, we praise. . . . .

whose name we praise. . . . .

whose name we praise. . . . .

whose name we praise. . . . .

whose name we praise. . . . .

*Allegro con fuoco.* (M.M. ♩ = 100.)

Viols.

*pp* 'Cellos.

CHORUS OF HUNS (*in the distance*).

TENOR.

*p*

By ri - vers red,

thro'

BASS.

By ri - vers red,

thro' fo - rests black,

Ped.

fo - rests black, O'er moun - tains old and grey. . . . .

O'er moun - tains old and grey. . . . .

By

Ped.

By ri - vers red,

thro' fo - rests black, O'er

ri - vers red,

thro' fo - rests black,

O'er

Ped.

moun - tains old and grey. . . . .

moun - tains old and grey. . . . .

*A marcato ma p*

Ped. \*

CONAN (to URSULA).

And thou art here;

*p*

The ghosts of king - doms point our track,

CONAN. *p*

TENOR. *p*

BASS. *p*

And o'er the ground The forms of de-mons swarm a - round!

And by the signs of rout and rack The ea-gles mark,

And by the signs of rout and rack The ea-gles mark,

*f*  
Fly, Ur - su - la!

*sempre p*  
the eagles mark, the eagles mark our way. . . . .

*sempre p*  
the eagles mark, the eagles mark our way. . . . .

*f*

URSULA. *Recit.* *p Recit.*  
Co - nan! 'Tis thou— and here? Could'st thou not wait and trust in me? Why dost thou

*Recit.* *a tempo.* *Recit.*  
*sf p* *f*

*Lento. mf* *f rit.*  
bid me fly: I see the shield of God, . . with - out whose will, with - out whose will is

*Lento.* *cres.* *f*  
*p*

**B** *tempo primo.*

naught!  
TENOR.

*mf* Hu! . . . . . *p* Be blood with wine out - poured, . . .

BASS.

*mf* Hu! . . . . . *p* Be blood with wine out - poured, . . . What is

**B** *tempo primo.*

Viols.

*p*

Cimbals.

*p* I bo - ded ill, But not thy death! A -

What is great? what is great? what is great? The sword! the

great? what is great? what is great? The sword! the

way! . . . . .

sword!

sword!

*f*

Ped.

CONAN.  
Fly, Ur - su - la ! Fly, Ur - su - la !

CHORUS OF HUNS (*approaching*). *f* *BASS.*  
On,

TENOR. *f*  
On, from the steppes that gave us birth, For  
from the steppes that gave us birth, For

Viols.  
*f*

Ped.

cold and white are they. *C*

cold and white are they. *C* *f* *Horns.* *f*

Ped.

CONAN.  
Fly, Ur - su - la !

BASS. *f*  
On to the E - dens of the earth : *f*

*f*

## CONAN.

TENOR. *f* Fly, Ur - su - la !  
 BASS. *f* They grow us grapes to make us mirth, They bear us foes,  
 They grow us grapes to make us mirth, They bear us foes,

they bear us foes, they bear us foes to slay. . . .  
 they bear us foes, they bear us foes to slay. . . .

## D

## URSULA.

I see the shield of  
 Hu! . . . . Be blood with wine out - poured, . . .  
 Hu! . . . . Be blood with wine out - poured, Who is

*f*

*f*

Cimbals.

God, . . . With - out whose will is

*f* Who is king? who is king? who is king? *ff* The sword! the

king? who is king? who is king? *ff* The sword! the

naught. . . .

sword! . . . . .

sword! . . . . .

*ff*

Ped.

(The Huns enter the Church.)

*Sva.* ~~~~~



*Recit.*

**Recit.**

*Recit. cres.*

*Recit.*

A conquer-or crowns thee, or his fal-chion mates thee.

Choose if thou wilt be Death's, fair maid, or

*Molto moderato.*

URSULA.

Thou who hast kept . . . us day and night, and led us, Thou, our God,

mine !

MAIDENS.

SOPRANO. *f*ALTO. *f*

Thou who hast kept us day and night, and led us, Thou, our

Thou who hast kept us day and night, and led us, Thou, our

*Molto moderato. (M.M. ♩ = 54.)*ORGAN. *f*Violins. *f*

URSULA.

wilt lead us still, . . . by steadfast light, . . . Nor leave us by the road ; . .

SOP.

God, wilt lead us still, by steadfast light, wilt lead us still, by steadfast light, Nor leave us by the

ALTO.

God, wilt lead us still, by steadfast light, wilt lead us still, by steadfast light, Nor leave us by the

*Allegro con fuoco.*

**f** **F**

Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, Thy staff shall guide our feet,

road. . . .

road. . . .

**TENOR.** **f** Hu! . . . . **f** Be

**BASS.** **f** Hu! . . . . **f** Be blood with wine out -

**THE HUNS.**

*Allegro con fuoco.*

**f** **F**

*Molto moderato come prima.***URSULA.** **f**

Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, Thy staff shall guide our

**TENOR.** blood with wine out - poured! . . .

**BASS.** . poured!

*Molto moderato come prima.*

**f**

*Allegro con fuoco.*

fect.

*f* Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out - poured; . . .

*f* Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out - poured;

*Allegro con fuoco.*

*Molto moderato.* *rit.* *dim.* *quasi l'istesso tempo.*

Thy staff shall guide . . . our feet to reach Thy Crown whose name we praise.

ORGAN. *dim. e rit.* *p*

*Molto moderato.* *f* *dim. e rit.* *p* Oboe. *p* Violas. 'Cellos.

URSULA. (*As in the vision.*) *p*

"Not . . . to the courts of earthly kings, Not to the dross of

2nd Viols. *dim.* Picc. *pp* Clar. Harp.

earth-ly state, But to the height of great-er things Thy life . . . henceforth is con - secrate.

Bass., Clar.

*poco animato.* *cres.*

Where'er thou art, what-e'er be-tide, In light thy name is written down; Heav'n may not lose a

1st Viol. *cres.*

*f* *rit.*

cho-sen Bride, Nor thou, . . . nor thou, . . . nor thou let go a Heav'n - ly Crown."

(To the Chief of the Huns.)  
*Recit. Maestoso.*

King— since a king of men art thou— Know that thy sword can give a Crown More roy - al than the blood-stain'd

8va. *Recit. Maestoso.* Strings.

brow Of war-rior wins, or mon-arch's own. A - loft un - to a kinglier throne than thine . . . I

*Maestoso.*

mount! . . . The throne of Him, . . .

*Allegro come prima ma tranquillo.* Oboe.  
Viols.

*mf*

*sf* *p*

'Cellos.

. . . the throne of Him . . . who

*cres.*

reigns a - bove the world, . . . who reigns a - bove the

*cres.* *cres.*

⊕ The small notes from here need not be played.

*f*

world a - lone, The throne of Him who reigns a .

*poco rit.* *I*

bove, . . . Hid by the songs of Se - ra-phem.

*f* *con fuoco.* *f*

TENOR. *f*

BASS. *f*

Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out - poured ; . . .

Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out - - poured ; Who is

Cimbals.

*f*

Who is king? who is king? who is king? The sword ! the

king? who is king? who is king? The sword ! the

Viols.

Cellos.

sword! . . . . .

sword! . . . . .

*ff* *Ped.* *\* Ped.* *\* Viola.* *sf* *p*

URSULA

CHIEF OF THE HUNS.

*f* *admpo.*

Choose, . . if thou wilt be Death's, or mine! . . .

*8va.* *pp* *Picc., Fl.*

hear their hymn, I see them stand with beck - on-ing wings:

Choose, . . .

*8va.* *f* *p*



URSULA.

*cres.*

The clouds un -

CHIEF OF THE HUNS.

if thou wilt be Death's, or mine!

*8va.**pp**cres.**f* *rit.**roll—**8va.*

Death's glo - - - rious an - gel, take my

Trumpets.

*cre - - - scen - do.**rit.**Molto moderato. (M.M. ♩ = 54.)*

hand!

INETH.

*f* I hear their hymn,

I see them

Thou hast brought us, by a glorious light, . . .

1ST &amp; 2ND SOPRANOS.

Thou who didst keep us day and night, our Fa-ther and our God, Hast brought us,

by a glorious light, . . .

1ST &amp; 2ND ALTOS.

Thou who didst keep us day and night, our Fa-ther and our God,

Thou hast brought us,

by a glorious

*Molto moderato. (M.M. ♩ = 54.)*

ORGAN.

Pedal.

*ff*

URSULA.

*mf* Kstand with beck-on-ing wings—  
INETH.

the clouds un-roll—

. . . hast brought us, by a glo - rious light,

CONAN.

CONAN.

Thy wings have borne our souls a -

SOP. 1 &amp; 2.

*sempre f*

. . In-to a won - drous road, . . . in - to a won - drous road, . . .

ALT. 1 &amp; 2.

*sempre f*

light, by a glo - rious light, . . . in - to a won - drous road, . . .

TENOR.

Hu! . . . Be blood with wine outpoured; Who is king? who is king? the sword! . . .

THE HUNS.

BASS.

Hu! . . . Be blood with wine outpoured; Who is king? who is king? the sword! . . .

K

*f*

URSULA.

*f*  
the clouds un - roll, the clouds un -

INETH.

*f*  
Thy wings have borne our souls, have borne our souls To win the Love . . . . .

CONAN.

- bove, have borne our souls a - bove, have borne . . . our souls To win . . . for deathless days . . . . .

SOPRANO.

. . . Thy wings have borne our souls, have borne our souls a - bove To win . . . for deathless days . . . . .

ALTO.

. . . Thy wings have borne our souls, have borne our souls a - bove To win the Love, to win the

TENOR.

*f*  
Who is king? who is

BASS.

*f*  
Who is king? who is king?

Pedal.

URSULA.

*dim.*

roll !

Death's glo - rious an - gel,

Death's glo - rious an - gel,

INETH.

*dim.**p*

. . . The Love . . . that is . . . more high . . . than love, . . . The Love that

CONAN.

*dim.**p*

. . . The Love . . . that is . . . more high . . . than love, . . . The

SOP.

*dim.**p*

. . . The Love . . . that is . . . more high . . . than love, . . . The Love that

ALT.

*dim.**p*Love . . . that is  
Love, The Love that is more high than love, . . . The Love that

TEN.

*f*

king?

The sword !

the sword !

BASS.

*f*

The sword !

the sword ! . .

*dim.**p**dim.**p*

URSULA. *mf* *L*

Death's glo-rious an- gel, take my hand, . . .

INETH. *molto cres.* *ff*

is . . . more high than love, . . . The Crown whose gold is

CONAN. *molto cres.* *ff*

Love that is more high, more high than love, . . . The Crown whose gold is

SOP. *molto cres.* *ff*

is more high, that is more high than love, . . . The Crown whose gold is

ALT. *molto cres.* *ff*

is . . . more high than love, . . . The Crown whose gold is

TEN. *ff*

Hu! . Be blood with wine out-poured; Who is king? who is king? . Be blood with wine out

BASS. *ff*

Hu! . Be blood with wine outpoured; Who is king? who is king? . . Be blood with wine out

*molto cres.* *ff*

*molto cres.* *ff*

Ped. \*

URSULA.

*rit.**Allegro con fuoco.*

Death's glo - rious an - gel, take my hand. . . . .

INETH.

*rit.*

praise, the Crown whose gold is praise. . . . .

CONAN.

*rit.*

praise, the Crown whose gold is praise. . . . .

SOP.

*rit.*

praise, the Crown, the Crown whose gold is praise. . . . .

ALTO.

*rit.*

praise, the Crown, the Crown whose gold is praise. . . . .

TENOR.

- poured, . . . . Be blood with wine out-poured ; Who is king ? who is king ? The sword ! the sword ! . . . . .

BASS.

- poured, . . . . Be blood with wine out-poured ; Who is king ? who is king ? The sword ! the sword ! . . . . .

*molto rit.**Allegro con fuoco.**molto rit.**ff*

Ped.

\*

Ped.

\*

Ped.

\*

Ped.

URSULA. *Lento.* *f* *molto rit.*

Lord, Fa - ther, God, . . . re - ceive my

*Lento.*

Ped.

*Allegro con fuoco.*

soul! . . .

SOPRANO. *f*

Thy wings have borne our souls a - bove To

ALTO. *f*

Thy wings have borne our souls a - bove To

TENOR. *f*

Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out - poured ; . . .

BASS. *f*

Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out - poured ; Who is

ORGAN. *f*

*Allegro con fuoco.*

Ped.

win the Crown whose gold is praise. . . .

win the Crown whose gold is praise. . . .

who is king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the sword! the sword! . . .

king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the sword! the sword! . . .

fff

fff

fff

fff



The musical score consists of four systems of staves. The first system has four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second system has two staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The third system has two staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The fourth system has two staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'f' and 'Ped.'. The piece concludes with the word 'FINE.' and a double bar line.